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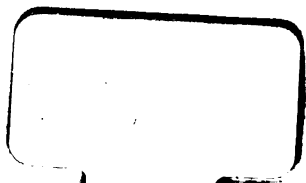
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Est. from Dobell

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Langdon (A. and M.)

An interesting account of
travel in France during
the Revolution by William
Mrs. Langdon. MS with
a map of the battle of

NOTES
OF A
JOURNEY, &c.

NOTES
OF A
JOURNEY
FROM
BERNE TO ENGLAND,
THROUGH
FRANCE.

MADE IN THE YEAR 1796.

By A. D.



LONDON,
PRINTED BY W. BLACKADER,
NO. 10. TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

1797.

To

These Notes are given with a serious —
request that, as they are printed merely
to save the eyes of those friends who
wish to read them & spare the trouble
of transcribing, they may never be
shown to any one, without the par-
ticular permission of M^r. or M^{rs}.
Douglas. —





TO MRS. D.

ST. ALBAN'S,
November 10, 1796.

YOUR happiness, my dear M. is, on almost every occasion, the motive which influences my actions; but you were in a more peculiar manner the mover in what led to our journey through France. A weakly frame of body, and an apprehensive turn of mind, were
ill

ill calculated to render you equal to the inconveniences of a journey and voyage by Hamburg ; and the desire to spare you the pain of such an effort, suggested to me a wish to find another mode of returning home. Leave to traverse France was what I almost despaired to obtain ; yet the declaration that you had courage to brave every chance of danger, provided you could escape a long sea-voyage, determined me to make the trial, which has so happily succeeded. The journey through France was not more truly the effect of my wish to preserve you from inconvenience and danger, than the arrangement of my Notes is the consequence of my desire to comply with your requests. Accept, then, with the graciousness of kind affection, my endeavours to detail the particulars of our interesting journey ; in which it would be difficult to say, whether curiosity or anxiety was predominant. I shall be largely paid for the moments I have employed in transcribing these pages, should they

serve

serve to recal to your memory, with any satisfaction, the scenes of which we were neither heedless nor unfeeling spectators.

N. B. Though we have been induced, for the accommodation of those particular friends who are desirous to follow us in our journey, to give our Notes in letter-press; we must intreat the same indulgence, as if they were presented in writing. By endeavouring to render the journey more easy and commodious to them, we hope they will accept in good humour the fare we offer; and consider it as a family dinner, not as a public entertainment.



NOTES
OF A
JOURNEY, &c.

FROM the theatre of war becoming more and more extended, and from the formidable preparations in every quarter threatening an increase of alarm and misery, our residence on the Continent was rendered every day more peculiarly unpleasant. Germany promised no permanent asylum, Italy was already the seat of war, and it seemed very uncertain if Switzerland could long preserve a state of perfect neutrality; and added to these public embarrassments, were

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private

private affairs, which required our presence in England. Yet so many difficulties presented to the journey by Hamburgh, that, notwithstanding the many reasons that pressed our return, that rout was next to impracticable. Mrs. Douglas's state of health and spirits, (little able to support the fatigues of travelling by the roads we should be obliged to pass,) represented to her mind, with such inexpressible and tormenting apprehension, the combined horrors of sea-sick agony, of possible shipwreck, and probable captivity, that I had not either the cruelty or courage to urge her very strongly to make so painful an experiment. No hope remained for us of eluding the harsh alternative, of continuing in the midst of war's alarms, or of risking the miseries of a dreaded journey and voyage, excepting the chance of obtaining permission to pass through France; and of this our prospect of success appeared but slender. Some of our diplomatic friends at Ratibon had made fruitless efforts to interest in our favour the ministers of their respective courts then resident at Paris; but the supposed

supposed temper of the government, and the fear of being wounded by a refusal, made them unwilling to risk the application; and the answer of Monsieur Barthelemy, the French ambassador at Basle, to a powerful friend of Berne, who solicited his assistance for us, reduced our hope of success to a very low ebb. The following was what he wrote on that subject:—

“ J’ ai du le refuser parceque les loix defendant
 “ très positivement l’ entrée de la France à tous
 “ les habitants des pays avec les quels elle est
 “ en guerre, je ne ferai, en sollicitant une excep-
 “ tion, que m’ exposer fort inutilement au refus
 “ du ministre La Croix. Ce que j’ ai sollicité
 “ dans le tems et avec succès en faveur du Ne-
 “ veu de Monsieur Douglas, je ne l’ essaïerois
 “ pas aujourd’hui : alors je pouvois quelque-
 “ chose. J’ espère que Monsieur Douglas ne
 “ me fera pas mauvais gré de mon refus : il
 “ n’est certainement pas volontaire.”

Our situation becoming more irksome and threatening abroad, and my affairs more pressing at home, I determined to make one bold

effort, by direct application to the government of France, through Monsieur De la Croix, the minister for foreign affairs; and accordingly wrote to him the following letter:

“ MONSIEUR,

BERNE, 14 de Juillet, 1796.

“ QUOIQUE je respecte infiniment le
 “ titre de citoyen, comme expressif des droits
 “ les plus chers et les plus honorables, je
 “ n’ose pas prendre la liberté; étant étranger,
 “ de vous adresser par un terme si estimable
 “ dans la bouche de vos com-patriotes; mais
 “ croyant que vous portez dignement, toutes
 “ les vertus qui s’y attachent dans le sens étendu
 “ du de citoyen du monde, je vous prie, Monsieur,
 “ sous ce nom respectable, d’écouter la
 “ voix d’un étranger, l’ami juré de la liberté
 “ digne des hommes; mais souffrant à cette
 “ heure, par les efforts, et par les succès de la
 “ nation Francoise pour étendre ses limites.
 “ Avec toute la franchise et toute la confiance
 “ qui marquent le caractère d’un honnête homme,
 “ me, je vous expliquerai, Monsieur, toutes les
 difficultés

“ difficultés de ma situation en aussi peu de
 “ mots, que possible.

“ Je suis Ecoffois, sorti de mon pays in 1792,
 “ avec ma femme très malade, pour chercher
 “ dans des climats plus doux, le rétablissement
 “ de sa santé et de la mienne, qui étoit aussi
 “ une peu délabrée.

“ Après un séjour de plus de deux années
 “ en Italie nous sommes revenus par la Suisse
 “ pour rentrer chez nous ; mais nous trouvâmes
 “ les ports de la France, et de la Hollande
 “ bouchés contre nous, et nous autres obli-
 “ gés à rester exilés de notre patrie, jusqu’ à
 “ présent, dans la douce mais vaine espérance
 “ d’ une paix. Le seul chemin ouvert, de
 “ Hambourg, étoit pour nous rendu imprati-
 “ cable, par la foible santé de ma femme timi-
 “ de, à cause ~~du~~ longueur du voyage et
 “ de ses souffrances sur mer, qui sont sévères
 “ à un point, qui peut faire craindre pour sa
 “ vie même dans le court trajet entre Douvre
 “ et Calais.

“ Notre famille consiste ~~de~~ neufs personnes,
 “ &c. pour eux Monsieur, et pour moi-même

" je sollicite votre protection, pour m' aider
 " à obtenir du directoire et de la République, la
 " permission de passer par le territoire François
 " à Calais, et de nous y' embarquer sur un vais-
 " seau neutre ou cartel, pour entrer en Angle-
 " terre.

" Voilà, Monsieur, un detail simple et honnête
 " de ma situation actuelle, et de mes vœux ;
 " et j' ai tant de confiance dans votre bonté,
 " dans la dignité du gouvernement, et dans la
 " générosité nationale, que j' espère tout, de
 " l' humanité de votre procédé. Les François
 " sont trop nobles pour faire la guerre aux ma-
 " lades et aux femmes foibles. Les défenseurs de
 " la liberté universelle, les flé-aux déclarés des
 " tyrans, sont incapables de s' opposer au libre
 " voyage d' un innocent individu, qui ne se
 " mêle ni des affaires politiques ni militaires ;
 " qui est raisonnablement attaché à sa patrie par
 " devoir et par intérêt : qui aime la liberté
 " dans ses plus aimables formes, et qui voudroit
 " bien que toute le monde en ^{jouît} partageât. Ma
 " haute idée de votre droiture d' esprit, Mon-
 " sieur, et de la justice nationale, me fait es-
 " pérer

“ perer une reponse favorable à mes vœux, si
 “ simplement détaillés ; mais si d’autres ren-
 “ signements sont nécessaires pour en identifier
 “ la vérité, je suis bien connu à Berne, ^{de} Mon-
 “ sieur le Tresorier Frisching, Monsieur le Con-
 “ seiller F. et ^{de} plusieurs autres conseillers ; et
 “ à Zurich ^{des} ~~aux~~ Senateurs Burkeli, Fuesli, &c.

“ S’il existe actuellement une ordonnance de
 “ la République, qui défende ~~aux~~ sujets d’une
 “ nation en guerre avec la France, d’y entrer ;
 “ le gouvernement est trop sage pour avoir fait
 “ une règle, qui n’admette pas d’exceptions.
 “ Et en quelle occasion pourroit ~~se~~ ^{se} présenter
 “ une plus digne de l’exercice de ^{leur} ~~leur~~ indul-
 “ gence, que quand un individu âgé, une fem-
 “ me malade, et un enfant foible demandent la
 “ grace de rentrer dans leur pays ; ou leurs in-
 “ terets les plus chers sont en danger par leur
 “ absence ?

“ Mais je me sens si assuré de votre protec-
 “ tion, et de l’esprit généreux qui doit diri-
 “ ger une République fondée sur les principes
 “ nobles d’une liberté universelle, que quoique
 “ ~~je m’en~~ ^{je m’en} aille aux bains de Leuch pour quel-

“ques semaines, je donnerai ordre à mes do-
 “mestiques d’arranger mes affaires en telle
 “manière, que je serai prêt à profiter de la
 “permission que j’attends de m’être accordée
 “par la justice louable du gouvernement Fran-
 “çois : et ^{me} ~~si~~ j’étois permis de choisir le mo-
 “ment du voyage, je voudrois bien le com-
 “mencer au milieu de Septembre.

“Si vous vous cédez, Monsieur, à mes prie-
 “res, je pourrois vous promettre mes efforts
 “les plus zelés pour obtenir la liberté des pri-
 “sonniers François, qui répondent au nombre
 “des hommes dans ma fuite.”

&c. &c. &c.

In three weeks after I received an answer in these terms :

RELATIONS
EXTERIEURES.

Liberté.



Egalité.

PARIS, le 26 Messidor, de l'an
4^{me} de la Republique Fran-
coise, une et indivisible.

Le Ministre des Relations Extérieures.

A Monsieur DOUGLAS, &c.

“ PAR votre lettre de 14 de Juillet, Mon-
“ sieur, vous demandez la faculté de vous ren-
“ dre avec votre famille de Berne à Calais en
“ traversant la France, pour éviter à votre
“ épouse valetudinaire les dangers d'une longue
“ navigation : vous avez raison de penser que
“ votre qualité d'Anglois ne pourroit nuire au
“ succès de votre demande. Les Francois ne
“ reconnoissent plus d'ennemis, quand il
“ s'agit de soulager l'humanité souffrante.
“ Vous pouvez vous adresser au citoyen Bar-
“ thelemy,

“ thelemy, ambassadeur de la république Fran-
“ coise à Basle; je l’ autorise aujourd’hui à vous
“ délivrer le passeport que vous desirez.

“ Salut et fraternité,

“ CH. DELACROIX.”

The passport was politely and speedily executed by Monf. Barthelemy, who, to give it more effect, added, after our description,—
“ En vertu de l’ autorisation du directoire ex-
“ écutif consignée dans la lettre du ministre
“ des relations extérieures.”

Before our departure from Berne, I thought it polite and prudent to thank the minister for his gracious attention, and to inform him of our design to pass by the route of Paris.

“ MONSIEUR,

BERNE, 21 d' Aout, 1796.

“ Si ma plume ^{pouvait} ~~put~~ répondre à mes
“ sentiments, jè ferois capable de bien exprimer
“ la reconnoissance qu' inspirent votre bonté
“ généreuse, et le procédé noble du gouverne-
“ ment Francois, à l'égard d'un étranger le
“ jouet des circonstances facheuses ; dont ~~le~~
“ cœur, est très sensible à la dignité de con-
“ duite, qui caractérise si bien une nation il-
“ lustre.

“ Charmé de votre permission, Monsieur, gra-
“ cieusement accordée, j'en ai déjà profité ; et
“ j' ai reçu de Monsieur Barthelemy, l'ambassa-
“ deur de la republique à Basle, les passeports
“ desirés. Je compte ~~de~~ partir d'ici en quel-
“ ques jours, et de voyager lentement, pour
“ arriver à Paris.

“ Ma femme touchée de votre bonté, trouve
“ son ame soulagée par une permission si favor-
“ able à ses vœux. Ses nerfs mobiles sont de-
“ venus plus tranquils ; et sa santé a plus ga-
“ gné en quatre semaines de cette tranquillité
“ consolante

“ consolante que de tous les médecins d'Italie
 “ et d'Allemagne, en tant d'années.

“ Je voudrois bien, Monsieur, ^{pouvoir} ~~que je pus~~ faire
 “ reciproquement ~~passer~~, ma maniere de penser,
 “ dans les cœurs Francois et Anglois. Leurs dif-
 “ ferents mutuels seroient bientôt finis, et leur
 “ inimitié funeste seroit changée en amitié bien-
 “ faisante: le monde jouiroit du repos nécessaire;
 “ et la république établiroit dans l'interieur
 “ une prospérité et une félicité aussi solide, par-
 “ mi les peuples, que ^{sa} leur gloire et ^{les} leur succès
 “ ont été brillants au dehors.

“ Je suis, Monsieur, avec respect et estime,

“ Votre très obligé et

“ Très humble serviteur,

“ A. DOUGLAS.”

We left Berne the 27th of August 1796, and
 took the road by Lausanne. As Mrs. Douglas
 had never seen the Pays de Vaud, and as I
 wished much to visit Geneva, we were obliged
 to

to make a very short stay at Lausanne in passing; but I had an opportunity of gratifying her, on a fine autumnal evening, with the magnificent view of the lake, of its banks, and of the sublime mountains which bound the horizon of this rich landscape. The journey of next day to Nyon, exhibited a scene of milder beauty; but with all the advantage that mountains, water, and rich plains, could derive from an azure sky and bright sunshine: one thing alone was wanting to augment the sublimity of our prospect—a view of Mont Blanc; who cruelly refused to shew himself. We were equally unfortunate during the days we rested at Nyon; that first of mountains being continually enveloped in clouds, though those of inferior dignity were daily visible.

Mrs. Douglas preferring repose and tranquillity at Nyon to a journey to Geneva, I was under the necessity of making it alone; but regretted, at every step, that she had missed what would have been an airing of uncommon and pleasing variety to her who enjoys in a high degree

degree the beauty of fine scenery. I found my passport so respected in the little French district of Verfoy, that I augured perfect security for the rest of our journey.

I fixed my residence without the town of Geneva, at Dejeans ; as the state of the city, though comparatively tranquil, was not such as to render it an eligible abode. It was impossible to view, without the most painful sensations, the fallen condition of this once flourishing place ; which, for beauty of situation, for learning, for commerce, for riches, and for estimable society, was hardly to be equalled. At present no trade, much appearance of misery ; no society, every countenance marked with fear or suspicion ; no elegance of manners or dress ; not a person that could convey the idea of genteel, to be seen in the streets : the people you met impressing strongly the idea of being fallen into a den of thieves. There reigned in every street a gloomy stillness, which produced a sensation of breathless terror ; such as might fill the minds of a family in the dead of night, which

which heard a band of robbers forcing the locks and bars of the house,

The situation of Geneva and its neighbourhood is well known to comprehend much of what constitutes local beauty. Indeed I have never seen a spot where the country-houses command prospects at the same time so sublime and so beautiful : that of Monsieur de Pan is one of the most remarkable, having a view of the city, the lake, the country, the mountains of Savoy, and the junction of the river Arve with the Rhone. The villa of Monsieur Tronchin is an object meriting a visit from the connoisseur, as containing what is perhaps the best private collection of pictures in Europe. There are to be seen some of the finest specimens of the greatest masters, as of Titian, Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, Scalken, Vanderwerf, Wovermann, and a number of others : but the respectable master of the mansion is still more interesting than the pictures, being ninety-five or ninety-six years of age, with all the lively gaiety of a young man, and a countenance that
seems

seems no more than fifty. He is chearful, intelligent, and sociable ; loves conversation ; and has no marks of infirmity, excepting a lameness, which is the effect of accident, not of old age.

The idol of the present revolutionary crew of Geneva, is their fellow-citizen J. J. Rousseau, whose bust they have exalted on an ill-fashioned pillar or pedestal in one of the public walks ; and have inscribed on it the bewildering words Liberty, Equality, Independence and Fraternity ; not one of which can justly apply to the present state of Geneva. Those of the higher order of inhabitants, whom sanguinary and lawless fury have spared, and to whom any property remains, are beginning to venture into day-light ; but with trembling caution, as the wolves, who have formerly worried the fattest of the flock, are prowling about, and have lately exhibited signs of returning hunger. Fear and anxiety are the prevailing sensations of the unhappy Genevois, as the magistracy chosen has no power which it dares exercise against the revolutionary

lutionary mob, which, in a very late commotion, confined the whole of this feeble corps in their own hall, during several hours; and it was at last liberated by the intervention of the minister of France, who threatened the rioters with the resentment of his republic, as entirely disapproving such a mode of proceeding. Thus we see that the very existence of Geneva, as a government, depends upon the will of that of France. By the advice of Monsieur Deport, the French resident, I changed my intention of going by Lyons; and, after a few days stay at Geneva, I returned to Nyon, where, finding Mrs. D. in strength and spirits to prosecute our journey, I made an agreement with a voiturier to conduct us to Paris, with twelve horses; not daring to risk being served by the post, which was only beginning to revive.

WE left Nyon the 3d of September, and were much pleased in ascending Mount Jura, by the

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extensive view of the country on each side of the magnificent lake of Geneva. We underwent a strict but civil scrutiny on entering the territory of France. The delay it occasioned gave me an opportunity of seeing and admiring the industry, which had cultivated with vast pains and labour every practicable spot among those sterile mountains. From every space where there was any soil the loose stones had been gathered and piled in heaps; and the intervals were in tolerable verdure, or had just supplied the husbandman with a scanty crop of grain. All this shew of industry was of no later date than the revolution. The peasant, sure to enjoy the fruit of his labour, was no longer sparing in the exercise of it. On every side, during the rest of our journey through Franche Comté, we saw little snug new houses rearing their heads, and those already built receiving improvement or repair. The country seemed moderately well peopled, and the inhabitants had an air of being at their ease. This appearance of thriving, through the whole of this country, served to comfort us in some sort, under the pain excited

cited by the view of many ruined châteaux, which occurred but too frequently.

We slept the first night at Morey, a neat little town, with an excellent inn, but an extortioning landlord; who charged us one hundred livres in money for our apartments, and was with difficulty prevailed on to accept of forty-eight livres. Two loaded foreign carriages was quite a prize, which a by-stander expressed on our arrival, by saying, *Voilà un perou*. The roads from hence were in places so very bad as to give us fears for the safety of our carriages, and to induce us to quit them sometimes for our personal security. We dined at a little inn named *Maison Neuf*, near which we discovered a very picturesque cascade, of which our fellow-traveller Monsieur Gessner made an exact sketch. From hence to Champagnole, the views are pleasant, and the roads tolerable; but the inn, where we were obliged to pass the night, was execrable. An inhabitant, with whom I entered into conversation, said, the place had suffered much from the total stagnation of com-

merce, which had stopped the mills and iron works; but things began to wear a better aspect. Our journey next day was through an open, stony, and black country, but shewing strong marks of industry, till we reached the steep, which terminates the mountainous portion of the province, and conducts to Poligny; this little town was without any thing to recommend it, but that we found a good dinner to recruit us after the perils of a rapid descent, by a road in every respect frightful and dangerous. It was impossible to remain in the carriages while stumbling down this precipice; and though we could not avoid having some fear of what might happen to them, we could not shut our eyes to many beautiful points of view which presented themselves as we scrambled down the steep and rugged side of the mountain. The time this descent required retarded our arrival at Dole till after it was dark; yet, traversing the town to reach the inn on the opposite side, we could perceive it to be large and well peopled. By some inattention in the sentinel, our carriage was suffered to pass the gate without particular

ticular examination ; but our heavy coach not following immediately after, he had recollected himself, and insisted, that the passports must be examined at the municipality before the people could be allowed to go to the inn. He was deaf to the entreaties of the women, and to the remonstrances of the voiturier, who pleaded fatigue : and lest they should continue their way, a file of musqueteers with presented bayonets opposed their passage. The women's fright and tears at last a little softened this cerberus, and they were allowed to proceed, and joined us at the moment we began to be uneasy at their stay, having promised to transmit the passports to the municipality without delay. While we were arranging measures for that purpose, the principal officer of the town, and the commander of the guard were announced. They came to apologize for the brutality of their co-citoyen, who they informed us was in liquor, and then in confinement till I should say what farther satisfaction I required as a punishment for the insolence of his behaviour. Emulating their politeness, I only asked he might be set at liberty,

berty ; as their honourable procedure more than made amends for the centinel's rudeness.

Dole is pleasantly situated, commanding the view of a fine valley, through which winds the river Doux ; and from the public walk, the prospect is much heightened by the broken arches of the old bridge. A few leagues before we reached the town, we had crossed the river by a new bridge, of a structure peculiarly elegant and simple. The town shewed very few marks of having suffered by the revolution ; the houses appeared unhurt, and the people occupied in their business. The market was full and well served ; and the great church in order for public worship ; which was performing at the time of my visit. They were employed in erecting a statue to Liberty in the *place* ; and on the walls of the church were inscribed *sub lege libertas*.

From Dole, we proceeded to Auxonne, a neat town, where we found a good inn, and saw an appearance of business. It stands on the
river

river Soane, which glides along without any evident motion, a characteristic it preserves to its junction with the rapid Rhone, near Lyons. The people here, and indeed through all Franche Comté, seemed busy, satisfied, and at their ease. Many of the principal inhabitants crowded with eager curiosity about our carriages, which were left in the street ; and speculated with wonder about who we could be. As I made it a rule to join every group, I entered into conversation with the gazers, announced my character of English, and that I was on the road to Paris, &c. We mutually agreed in wishing a speedy and general peace ; and, from a conversation which Mrs. Douglas over-heard, they were inclined to do me the honour to suppose that to be my errand to Paris. Before I cross the Soane, to enter Burgundy, I must repeat, that in Franche Comté, I could perceive few marks of misery, of depopulation, or of discontent.

The road and country from Auxonne to Dijon is good, and the harvest seemed to have been every where abundant. We saw a number of

ruined and deserted chateaus, and but few houses building. As we approached Dijon, the marks of desolation became more and more evident, to the very gates of the town, which bore such signs of delapidation, as to give the idea of a place that had suffered from a siege. No guards at the gates, no bustle in the streets; but an air of melancholy silence prevailed every where to such a degree, as to infect us with similar sensations. There were shops open, but so few people moving, that I seemed to feel myself in a town almost depopulated by a pestilence. It being necessary to have our passports examined, we were obliged to give up half a day to that business, which afforded us time to grieve over the mournful handsome streets, and deserted spacious squares of this saddening town. Here we began to perceive cruel marks of revolutionary outrage, particularly visible in the churches. The windows were broken; the images, without and within, defaced or thrown down; the interior stripped or converted to the meanest uses. Over the principal entrance into one was inscribed these words—*Les Francois re-*

con-

connoissent un etre supreme & l'immortalité de l'ame;

But this is a late acknowledgement; as, with the Jacobins, reason was what they affected to accept for a guide, and death was degraded into a long sleep.

Suspicion and discontent is the expression of the countenances of Dijon; and some of the people dared even to express to us their dislike of the present government, and their opinion (which seemed to comprehend the wish) that it could not be of long duration; a counter-revolution being a thing looked for. There are inscribed on tablets fixed to the gates, the best maxims of the *droits des hommes*; but these have neither contented nor tranquillized the minds of the inhabitants,

In the revision of our passports, we were treated with great civility, and our business soon dispatched, though there were numbers waiting there for a like purpose. Among the rest, a most interesting old man who had seen better days; and, though now reduced to indigence

digence by the change of government, expressed no discontent. He spoke of his misfortunes with a resigned dignity, which affected us with a respectful sympathy; and as I am sure my dear Mrs. Douglas will never forget the touching manner of the man, I hope she will allow herself to mention him with all that energy and delicacy of feeling, with which she can describe scenes of distress and tenderness.

To contrast this affecting scene above stairs, we heard from below, the most outrageous noise and bawling, to which human lungs could give vent; a noise, which it was impossible to say, whether the effect of sorrow or anger. We were told it was occasioned by the complainings of a poissard. We had a view of her afterwards in traversing the square; and a more fiend-like form was never beheld. She was blaspheming and foaming with rage almost inarticulate; execrating, imprecating, crying, without shedding a tear; her person squallid, her countenance bloated, red, and swollen with passion. I never
 saw

saw a figure so expressive of one of the damned, suffering due punishment, with rage void of repentance.

I was surprized to be accosted in the streets of Dijon by some of our countrymen, begging, and in rags. They informed me that there were about one hundred and fifty of them, who had been prisoners ever since the affair of Dunkirk; that they had lost all hope of being released while the war continued, supposing themselves forgotten at home; that they had no allowance, and picked up a wretched subsistence by occasional employment in the fields and streets, and from the humane but slender alms of the inhabitants; who sometimes gave them of that little which remained to themselves. These poor fellows literally mingled their bread with tears; tears embittered by the supposition of being abandoned of their country, whose battles they had fought; and neglected of those officers for whose glory they had exposed their lives. I cannot allow myself to suppose that their captivity is so cruelly lengthened by the negligence
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of our government. I wish it could be accounted for without inculpating those whom I endeavour to respect.

We were glad to leave Dijon, though to sleep at an indifferent inn at Pont de Panis ; yet, if not magnificent, it was clean and free from vermin, with which some of our company had been incommoded at Dole and Dijon. In journeying the next day, we broke down about two leagues from Vitteaux ; but by the help of a strong rope, reached that little dirty town in safety. It was holiday, the people unoccupied and fauntering about in their best apparel ; yet without any thing cheery or cheering in their countenances. They clustered about the carriages ; but as I never left the spectators much time for conjecture, I mingled with them, talked to them, and we were reciprocally communicative. Being Thursday, and every one idle, I supposed it was the decade ; but hearing it was some feast of the Virgin, expressed my surprise at their observance of such a day, when, as I had understood, the French had abolished saints and Sundays,

Sundays. “ Non, citoyen, nous suivons ici
 “ l’ ancien regime.” The inhabitants seemed
 so uncomfortable, and so ungracious, that I re-
 joiced our repairs were so soon finished, and
 that we were not obliged to pass the night,
 amidst such dismal faces ; but pushing on a stage
 farther to Maison Neuve, we found a neat and
 clean place, with a cheerful looking landlady,
 and a pleasant garden.

The next day’s journey, Friday, the seventh
 of September, was the most fatiguing and disa-
 greeable of the whole. The country open, the
 roads execrably bad, the villages wretched, and
 apparently almost depopulated ; the chateaus
 were deserted, if not absolutely ruined ; the
 churches defaced, and the windows either whol-
 ly removed, or shattered to pieces ; every cross
 was thrown down, and every little saint dislod-
 ged : in short, the most uncontrouled and de-
 termined enmity to nobility, and to whatever
 was connected with religious worship, seemed
 to have raged in this desolated neighbourhood.
 An old blind man with whom I conversed at

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Cuffy les Forges, deplored the enormities that had been committed, and the consequent misery of the people; wished he had been deaf as well as blind; and prayed fervently for peace, without speaking of the present government. In some places between Maison Neuf and Lucy le Bois, the roads are barely passable, particularly at Rouvray. At Lucy le Bois we found a good inn, from which the landlord had retired during the troubles, and had only ventured back within the last three months.

There is great traffic on this road, being that which leads to Lyons; and we were often tormented by a long train of waggons, loaded with salt, drawn by mules, whose drivers never yield an inch of the road, for the accommodation of other travellers. In the inn-yard of Lucy le Bois, I was witness to a scene of excellent but horrible acting, strongly expressive of the hardened irreligion which reigns at present among the mobility of France. A driver of one of these waggons was guiding his team into a proper situation; the poor horses not perfectly comprehending

comprehending their brutal conductor's meaning, he beat them without pity; enraged into an orgasm of theatrical fury, he looked up to the sky, and with an out-stretched arm, in an attitude ^{of rage} and, in the most theatrical tones, invoked the thunder to descend, and strike his horses dead. The thunder not obeying his call, he changed his tragic tones and action, into those of contempt, saying, *That he had been formerly taught to believe that God Almighty was an honest man, but he now perceived he was a mere j—f—tre.*

At Vermanton, where we dined, the marks of sacrilegious hands were to be seen in several ruined seminaries of monks; but the church was still in use for public worship; the revolutionary fury having been principally exercised against the ensigns of nobility; not a coronet or coat of arms being undefaced. An inhabitant of the place bewailed most feelingly the poverty of the neighbourhood; saying, that though the harvest had been plentiful their situation was nevertheless pitiable, for the vintage

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age would produce very little ; their hopes having been ruined by a killing frost, that came when the vines where in flower : he added, that for six years past the vintage had failed. He spoke in a way as if he thought, that the sky and the spirit of the times were directed by the same influence.

The whole of this part of the province is open, naked, and unpleasing to the eye ; for vineyards in Germany and France are by no means picturesque objects to the lovers of fine scenery ; yet the whole surface seemed in a state of cultivation, though thin of inhabitants. The approach to Auxerre is comparatively beautiful, the situation of the town positively so. Placed on the gently declining side of a hill, its magnificent spires, the windings of the river Yonne, its mills, its bridge and islands, together with the ci-devant bishop's palace, form a really fine landscape. Yet of all the places through which we passed, the interior view of Auxerre exhibited the most affecting marks of devastation and ruin. The cathedral is most cruelly defaced ;

faced; other churches are pulling down, the Bishop's palace converted into the Bureau de la Municipalité; the houses have an air of gloom; the shops are almost empty, and very few people to be met with in the dismal streets and public walks; and those to be seen, having an air so vulgar and so horrid, that one could not help supposing that the servants had lately murdered their masters and taken their places. The gloomy or fierce mein of those wandering about had nothing very engaging to strangers; so that Monsieur Geffner and myself traversed the streets in silence, not daring to express our sentiments of what we saw in French, and fearing to be known for folks they might not like, by discoursing in English. A noble building, which had been a rich convent of monks, was partly converted into horse-barracks, and partly hired out in lodgings. The public walks, which had been fine, were running to ruin; and several breaches were made in the city walls; it being part of the Jacobin creed to throw all open for the free egress and regress of my lords, the mob; of which we had seen proofs in every park or aris-

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tocratic inclosure. The inn where we were lodged had magnificent remains of silk damask and gilding; but the one sadly tarnished, and the other in dirty rags and tatters.

Leaving this melancholy specimen of revolutionary reform, we continued our journey the next day with a degree of satisfaction, which was felt by the whole of our party. Even at our entrance into Champagne, I fancied things wore a gayer aspect, and for the first time, since leaving Franche Compté, we heard the voice of jollity, from some young people in a little cart, who were cheering their hearts with a song.

At Joigny we thought the inhabitants seemed more comfortable and more devote. It was Sunday; and, in viewing the town, we perceived that there were two churches open for the celebration of mass, which not being sufficient to contain the religiously disposed, numbers were attending in the streets, listening with an appearance of great devotion and contentment. The
castle

castle is in a high situation, commanding an extensive prospect of the meanderings of the river through the flat country towards Sens, along whose banks lay the remainder of our day's journey. The day was remarkably fine, and as we approached the city, Sens seemed to have sent out all its inhabitants to meet us. The high road for two miles was crowded like a fair; and various groups were to be seen reposing under the trees, and in the adjacent meadows. The disproportion between the males and females was so striking, that we attempted numbering them to compute the difference; which turned out to be as five women to one man. We did not reckon children, and could discern that the majority of the males were above forty years of age. The city of Sens shewed very few signs of revolutionary devastation; and had an air of tranquillity that we had not before noticed in a French town. The cathedral, which is an admired gothic structure, has suffered very little on the outside; and within, the votaries of Reason and Liberty had been merciful, having only shewn their

malice against a few monumental badges of nobility, which were either defaced, or whitened over. The hour was six in the morning, and the good souls were flocking to matins. To different places within and without the church were affixed notices inviting the piously inclined to contribute towards the maintenance of the officiating clergy. The painting of the altars and chapels had suffered no injury; and an esteemed piece of sculpture, representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen, remained in perfect preservation. An aisle was fitting and decorating for occasional worship at the time, to be called *Petite Paroisse*.

From Sens we proceeded to Ville-neuve la Gujarre, where my dinner was somewhat disturbed, by the report of a fresh commotion at Paris. This was farther confirmed at Montrou; but hearing at the same time that a body of troops were expected from the camp near Paris, destined to reinforce the army of Italy, I concluded the report of commotion to be groundless, otherwise the government would not send
troops

troops from the seat of the disturbance. Mrs. Douglas's mind was quieted by my reasoning ; yet I earnestly desired to have it justified by the arrival of the soldiers ; as my assertion was more decided than my opinion. I was not a little puzzled on the safest measures to be pursued, should the report of an insurrection prove true and successful against the existing government. As I travelled under its protection, our safety depended on its continuance : and as we were known to be on the road to Paris, had the plot been detected and quashed, while we English strangers were discovered to have altered our route, we might have been suspected as accomplices, who had endeavoured to sneak off on its failure. Resolving, therefore, to act on what seemed to me the surest grounds, I determined to proceed towards Paris till I could form some clear judgment of the real state of things there ; and if I had found that the Jacobin party was likely to become superior, I should have directed my course by that road which leads to Calais through Champagne, without going by Paris ; in the hope of profiting by my passport, before

any contrary orders should be issued : this would have been an attempt of very doubtful success, but worth the trial ; as I am sure Mrs. Douglas could never have been induced to enter a place in the power of terrorists. This little town is pleasantly situated near the junction of the rivers Yonne and Seine ; but had it been a paradise I could have enjoyed no pleasure in my then state of mind ; and the next day's journey by Melun, was, perhaps, one of the most anxious of my life. We met no troops on the road : yet by assuming a proper composure of countenance, my dear timid companion shewed no particular anxiety, though she frequently enquired, Where were the soldiers ? At Melun we were informed that the troops had taken another road ; that an attempt on the camp at Grenelle had been defeated in its very beginning ; and that Paris was in perfect security and tranquillity. We rested that night at Ville-neuve, four leagues from Paris, where we had it confirmed that all was quiet. I dispatched my courier very early next morning to procure intelligence, and secure apartments, with orders
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to meet us at the first barrier at eleven o'clock. When we arrived, he assured us every thing was in perfect security in the city; but that it was a day of domiciliary visit, and our passports would be repeatedly examined, before we reached the Hotel de Philadelphie, where he had procured us apartments.

The sentiment which occupied my mind on our entrance into Paris, was compounded of various sensations. Curiosity took the lead; horror and regret, from the recollection of past atrocities, succeeded; these were followed by some anxious doubts on our own account; which, together with the interesting speculation of what might ultimately be the result of the eventful transactions of which it had been the scene, took complete possession of my faculties, in traversing the streets through which we were obliged to pass to our hotel. Mrs. Douglas's horror of Paris had been so very powerful before we left Switzerland, that she had intreated I would never be out of her sight, as every mo-

ment of absence would be engrossed by the remembrance of the savage acts which had been committed there, and the apprehension that I perhaps, at the instant, was the victim of popular dislike and violence. Above all, she had exacted a positive promise that I would avoid the suburb of St. Antoine, which we now passed without molestation or interruption of any sort. The kind and hospitable reception which we had every where experienced in our journey, enabled her to pass through this notorious suburb, with little terror, and even with a power of observation. The countenances of the filthy groups, which the bustle of the domiciliary visit had collected at every corner, were not likely to make very favourable impressions; yet as these shewed more appearance of fear than of malignity; and the streets were protected by parties of municipal troops, there was nothing to disturb our tranquillity; and the urbanity and polite attention of the officers, who, in different quarters, examined our passports as we moved along, had, by the time we reached

reached our hotel, almost removed every apprehension of danger, even from the heart of my timid wife,

A visit from our banker and some friends in the evening, completed her cure, by their assuring her, in the strongest terms, that Paris never was in more perfect security from commotion. In our progress to the hotel, we had passed the open place formerly occupied by the Bastille; its situation now only to be known by the piles of stones which had made part of that dreaded fabric. In different quarters of the streets of Paris, and in the squares, are stationed parties of infantry and cavalry, ready, on the least alarm, to repair to the spot, and suppress the beginning mischief. In the day time, excepting on that of domiciliary visit, people pass without examination; but after eleven at night, every passenger is required to shew the authority by which he is allowed to remain in the city. Tranquillized by our reception hitherto, and the assurances of our friends, Mrs. D. acquired sufficient courage to enter into our plans,

plans, to see as much of what was curious and amusing in Paris, as the shortness of our stay would permit.

The bustling moments of a first arrival being over, I thought right to announce it to the minister, whose protection had been so useful to us thus far; desiring, to have an opportunity to thank him in person—that however he declined in these civil terms :

“ J’AI reçu, Monsieur, votre lettre par
 “ laquelle vous m’informez de votre arrivée en
 “ cette ville, & me temoignez le desir de vous
 “ présenter chez moi. Je suis flatté de vous
 “ avoir procuré la facilité de traverser la
 “ France, et je partage avec vous la satisfaction
 “ que vous en ressentez; mais veuillez ne pas
 “ vous déplacer pour m’en temoigner vos re-
 “ merciements. Il me suffit, Monsieur, d’avoir
 “ pu vous obliger.

“ Salut et fraternité,

“ C. D.”

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I was a little disturbed by his declining my visit, though the refusal was perfectly polite : for the late attempts to stir up commotion, by the Jacobin faction, and the ungracious terms on which the French government had been for some time past with England, rendered every British subject suspected, and us suspicious. The oblique and offensive mode taken by our ministry to learn the sentiments of the French government, through the channel of the Danish envoy, had placed us in a situation infinitely more delicate ; and I was told that if our permission had not been obtained, it would, if solicited at that moment, have been refused. Resolved however to be at some certainty as to what we had further to wish, for the well-performance of what remained of our journey, I wrote again to Monsieur Delacroix, requesting to have permission to repose some days at Paris, to be furnished with relays of horses for our journey to the coast, and to have leave to embark from Boulogne, should the wind chance to be more favourable from thence than from Calais. Having done this, I felt myself more at ease ; being informed

informed at the municipality of the section, that I was not required to present myself at the Mairie to obtain farther leave of residence, till after four days ; so that, sanctioned by the examination at the municipality, we were at liberty to dispose of these four days as we pleased.

Our first visit was to the Louvre, the Thuilleries, and the *place* of Louis XV. and Vendôme ; which, and the principal streets of Paris, are now distinguished by revolutionary names : though there seems a disposition at present to call them by the old ones,

The garden of the Thuilleries is much improved in its appearance, by the magnificent orange and lemon trees, removed from the different royal and noble palaces, and arranged there in good taste. At a house, where formerly the sittings of the Notables were held, on one side of the garden, is the hall of the Assembly of Five Hundred ; in the body of the palace is that of the Ancients. Over the centre is erected an improved telegraph. News have been conveyed

veyed by its means, they say, to and from Strafburgh, in five minutes ; and the contents of a letter can be communicated in as short a time as it could be copied. At the entrance from the Thuilleries into the *place* formerly of Louis XV, are to be seen statues having an allusion to Liberty and the Republic ; but whatever had the most remote relation to nobility and royalty is demolished, or removed. On a pedestal, which still remains in the *place* Vendosme, is a pompous inscription to the memory of, I believe, Lepelletier, which means to express, that he devoted himself for liberty, and for his country ; and he is made to declare with his daying breath, " that he shall be content if his " blood serves to cement the bands, which " he hopes will ever attach the friends of freedom to each other." This is all very fine, but very false ; since the only words uttered by that patriotic hero, after he was wounded, were those of terror, and of prayer for a surgeon.

The facade of the Louvre is universally admired as a master-piece of elegance in architecture ;

tecture; but the interior promises to be still more interesting. The immense gallery is destined to receive the spoils of the world, of whatever is excellent of painting and sculpture; which the conquering French of our day pillage without shame or mercy, from the nations with whom they fraternize, or to whom they grant their ruinous friendship. They have studied to imitate the Romans of ancient times, in their avaricious love of the fine arts, though with more knowledge of them; and though the wits have pleased themselves with the appellation of *Mummius Buonaparte*, and the same principle may have influenced the modern general; he has been guided, however, by more taste and more judgment in his pillage than the ancient. The gallery of the Louvre will certainly, in a short time, be the most splendid repository of stolen goods that has existed, since old Rome. It was shut to the public during our stay at Paris; but we obtained permission to view it: and, in spite of the horror inspired by the principle which was to fill it, we could not but admire the enlarged idea, which meant to adapt the noblest room

room of our European world, to receive the choicest specimens of art that were to be found in it. Yet it was with a degree of melancholy pleasure, that I recognized the dumb but interesting acquaintances I had formed some years ago in the Low Countries, torn from their ancient haunts by the hands of rapine, and obliged to display their beauties in a foreign land. Many of the finest works of Rubens were there to be seen:—The Crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downwards, presented by Rubens to the city of Cologne, his birth-place—The famous Descent from the Cross is said to be among the prisoners, but was not placed—The Boeuf and Shepherd of Paul Potter, which had long ornamented the Stadtholder's palace, and esteemed the best picture of that master, was in the copying room; and many other highly valuable specimens of celebrated painters, were piled in heaps till they could be arranged. But this species of war and robbery, excited by a love of the fine arts, should be considered as a great improvement on the system in vogue in the early part of the French revolution: when,

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in the true spirit of barbarism, every thing that bore the human form, of whatever materials composed, was doomed to destruction : even the statue of Henry the IVth, which was almost worshipped by the populace in the first revolutionary stage, was displaced and treated with ignominy in the second. Yet some of more taste and less fury, have contrived to preserve, from the hands of our modern Goths, many monuments consecrated in the churches to the memory of great men. The admired tomb of Cardinal Richlieu has found an asylum in the convent of *Petits Peres*, at the expence of a finger or two, with many other statues and busts of eminent men ; and another ci-devant monastery is filled with the spoil of many royal and noble houses, in pictures, statues, fine china, and magnificent furniture ; among the rest are all the noble articles of china, which formerly ornamented the Queen's apartment at Meudon. The different pieces are all numbered, and marked with the name of the person to whom they originally belonged ; it is said, with the intention that they may be restored to their families, should these

these be re-established in their possessions or rights. Some have already been claimed, and delivered to their proper owners.

In the Louvre, it is not only intended to form a collection of the most valuable pieces in painting and sculpture, but a school of arts : and, on application to government, artists of name and talents are furnished with apartments there, and are pensioned ; but unhappily their pensions have hitherto been paid in paper money, which being of little price, is but a sorry provision. David, Sabley, and many others, are established there. Sabley is an elegant and pleasing painter of domestic scenes and landscape ; possessing, in a high degree, the knowledge of light and shadow, with the just application of which he produces much effect. David, though a monster of a man, is a prince of painters—His picture of the Horatii receiving swords from their father, is of much merit ; but what pleases me much more, is one in which he has painted the interior of the family of the elder Brutus, after he had commanded the execution of his son, for having en-

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gaged in designs to restore the Tarquins. The agonizing sorrow of the female part of the family is feelingly and justly represented, in an inner apartment; the father is struggling to restrain his fulness of grief in the anti-chamber, the sensations of the parent having assumed their dominion, after the stern duties of the patriot were discharged; while through the half-shut door are seen the attendants bearing on their shoulders the headless trunk of the son. There is another picture sketched out, which promises to be a noble specimen of the painter's talent, on the subject of the combat between Romulus and Tatius, after the rape of the Sabine women.

In the court leading to the gallery are preserved the four slaves in bronze, which were formerly chained to the pedestal of the statue of Louis XIV. in the *place Victoire*; the statue of the vain-glorious despot having been broken into a thousand fragments. Against the memory of such a desolating tyrant, no mark of detestation is wonderful; but it is to be regretted that

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barbarous enthusiasm was not capable to make distinctions in favour of the revered Henry IV. whose private and public virtues were forgotten in the contemplation of that regal band which encircled his head.

On the 17th of September, the last day of grace allowed to our passports without being confirmed by the police, I began to be uneasy from having received no answer from the minister ; the more so, that on presenting ourselves at the Mairie we were told, that we could not receive permission from thence to remain in Paris, as we were immediately under the protection of the *ministre des relations extérieures*. Fearing that my letter might have miscarried by the negligence of my laquay, I determined to apply in person at his office ; that I might know at once what I had to expect. Monsieur Garnier, a valuable acquaintance, had the goodness to accompany me, and we found an answer prepared, which had only been withheld to give us all the time to which we could be entitled ; a kindness for which we were much in-



debted to the politeness of Monsieur * * * * *,
the general secretary.

The letter was expressed in the following
terms :

Le Ministre des Relations Extérieures.

A Monsieur DOUGLAS.

“ Je n’ai point, Monsieur, le pouvoir
“ d’ordonner qu’il vous soit fourni des chevaux
“ de relais sur la route ; vous n’avez d’ailleurs
“ point besoin d’ordre. Quant à votre séjour
“ dans cette ville, il peut être de sept à huit
“ jours : la situation de Madame Douglas re-
“ clame cette indulgence, et je m’estime heu-
“ reux d’être encore dans cette circonstance,
“ l’interprète des sentiments qui animent le di-
“ rectoire exécutif et dont il ne s’écarte jamais
“ tant qu’ils s’accordent avec la sûreté de la
“ république. Il est à votre choix de vous em-
“ barquer à Calais ou à Boulogne, partout en-
“ fin, où les vents vous promettent une tra-
“ versée

“ verſée heureuſe et courte. Le gouvernement
 “ vous laiſſe entierement libre du choix.

“ Recevez, Monſieur, l’aſſurance de ma con-
 “ fideration.

“ CH. DELACROIX.”

Nothing could be more gracious or more humanely polite than this answer; we were truly ſenſible of its value : and being placed quite at our eaſe by this aſſurance of ſafety, we continued to purſue the gratification of our curioſity with all poſſible induſtry and preſeverance.

The Pantheon, formerly a church dedicated to St. Genéviève, the tutelar ſaint of Paris, is indeed a noble building. The ſtile of architecture pleaſed me, without conſidering if I ought to be pleaſed ; and I thought the bas-relievos well executed, and the inſcriptions judiciously ſelected and applied. Within, it appears to me ſo overcharged with architectural ornaments, as to deſtroy all idea of ſimplicity : and ſurely a building intended to do honour to the memory of the illuſtrious dead, ſhould be

nobly and elegantly simple ; that the busts and statues of the wise and good may produce their full effect. The vault below this building, has been destined to receive the monuments, if not the ashes of those, who in their lives deserved well of the public. Five have been already placed there, viz. of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Marat, and Lepelletier ; but the three last have been discarded by the better sense and recollection of the present government : and it is now decreed, that none, for the future, shall be admitted to that honour till their fame and character have stood the test of ten years. There is a fine idea expressed on the monument of Rousseau :—a door is represented as half open, out of which issues a hand holding a blazing torch ; to indicate, that he enlightens the world, though in his tomb : unluckily the thought will appear forced or false to half that world ; since there are many who consider the merit of Rousseau, as a worthy, to be very equivocal ; and that mankind would have gained, had his torch never blazed, or been early extinguished. On examining French ideas critically,

cally, they are often found more brilliant than just.

We peeped into the church of St. Sulpice, which is near the Pantheon, and one of those open by permission for the performance of mass. There are twelve so appropriated; the others are to be sold, or are employed for the meanest purposes. For, as all the religions hitherto received in the world, are abolished by the present ruling powers, twelve only are indulged to the *weak part* of the community; who, not chusing as yet to trust wholly to the guidance of *infallible reason*, and *unerring philosophy*, seek for protection and consolation from the God of their fathers. Yet, though the rulers scorn all forms of religion for themselves, they begin to discover that something of the sort may be useful, to render their subjects more easily governed. The licenced churches are excessively crowded; a circumstance which speaks most forcibly the popular attachment to the Catholic faith: though the blind veneration for its departed saints and living ministers, is wonderfully diminished,

excepting among the few bigots that remain, It will be found convenient, in a little time, to substitute some form of worship, to replace that which had been so totally destroyed by the rage of the revolutionary anarchists. Their abhorrence of monarchy made them disclaim even the government of one God, and to qualify creatures to adopt their monstrous system, and become the willing instruments of their atrocities, it was necessary to deprive men of all hope and fear beyond the present. The first wretches succeeded to a certain degree; but the paroxysm was too violent to be of longer duration than the reign of anarchy. A religion is inseparable from regular government: and the moment in which that of France began to assume a form, a religion was found necessary likewise. This began to appear by an acknowledgement of a Supreme Being, and of a future state; a general toleration of the various sects; and by the sacrifice of a part of the national property, in the grant of twelve churches in Paris, for the celebration of the former established worship. The present members of the

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government were all, I believe, consenting to the abolition of religion, and have been too proud to retract, and confess themselves guilty of what, even they, must think to be at least a great political error. But the above concessions amount to a tacit acknowledgment; and their patronizing a deistical catechism for the use of their primary schools, is a proof that though religion is not thought necessary to making good directors, ministers, or counsellors, it may be useful to form good subjects,

The French have ever been extremely ambitious to exalt themselves into models for universal imitation. This vanity has always inclined them to vote themselves into the first rank among nations. They have undoubtedly very strong claims, and would be allowed a very eminent place, if they did not presume to demand the first on all occasions. With all this desire to set themselves up as objects of imitation, and leaders in discovery, they are in truth servile and poor copies on many occasions. They have played Romans in their very worst manner;

manner; and have been plagiarists from the English, without avowing it. They have affected the Roman names, their insolence of stile, their loftiness of manner to crowned heads, and their insulting benignity to inferior states; and the French fraternization is an humble imitation of the Roman pride, which aimed to render the rank of denizen of their state, the most honourable of all distinctions. They have stolen from the English much of their form of government, their phrases, their manners; often adopting what is most exceptionable, and still affecting to condemn their modes, the better to conceal the theft. They pretend to under-rate in the English constitution, what they would be wise to follow; and change the name, without avowing the adoption of the thing. As to the nick-naming the months and days of the week, it is too puerile and ridiculous to be excused, excepting among boys and girls as a Christmas play. With all the hatred they affect towards us, they do not refuse the compliment of being put in comparison with our nation in great characteristic points. I have heard it frequently

ly said by Frenchmen, that the French and English nations were the two which approached nearest in arts and arms, in every species of information, and in extent of knowledge. It is true, we are always rivals, and rivalry must imply equality, in many respects.

As we had not time to take a regular survey of the churches and other public buildings of Paris, we were obliged to content ourselves with a cursory view of those most within our reach. We admired the church of St. Roque, which is for sale: and regretted that an edifice of so much beauty should be converted into a barrack or a granary; perhaps pulled down, to raise money by the sale of the materials. Many other churches are in the same predicament; and if the *miseccllesia* does not abate before the circumstances of the country amend, there is reason to apprehend a scarcity in France of specimens of church architecture. The Hospital of Invalids is preserved for its original purpose; and so is the military school. But of all the public edifices, the market for corn and meal is most to
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my taste: it is capacious, light, dry, well aired, and useful; and the form of the dome gives it a look of elegance:

The Assembly of Five Hundred is open to admission by means of tickets; and has nothing to recommend it as a building, nor does it exhibit any thing very prepossessing in its appearance, when arranged for business. Indeed I never saw a more motley crew assembled together, whether you examine their dress, complexions, or physiognomies. Nothing can be imagined more shabby than the dress of the members in general; nothing more forbidding than the cast of countenance; and for complexion, every shade, from the black African negroe, with woolly head, to the most pale-faced rogue of Europe, is to be found there. Not but that there are among them, some of engaging manners and expression; men able and respectable: but to speak in general, I never saw a more ill-favoured set. Certainly the first impression is not that of veneration or respect: yet even the first view did not give the
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idea of a *comité révolutionnaire*; such as could engender or execute atrocities like what we have heard of, during the rule of the system of terror. In the gallery where we were placed, we had a compleat view of the whole Assembly; of the president in his chair, of the orator in his rostrum, and of the exits and entries of the busy swarm: and we should have heard likewise very distinctly, but from the incessant chatter of the copying clerks, who were seated just behind us; and from the hum and buz, and continual movement of the members below us. The orators were loud enough, but the noise, (our not being accustomed to the declamation in a strange language, and the frequent tinkling of the president's bell,) produced altogether in our foreign ears such a discord of harsh sounds, as rendered our satisfaction very incomplete, as far as respected the matter in debate; which, however, was not very interesting to us, being on business of a local nature. The speakers were very loud, in the hope of being heard; and their gesticulations violent, but not graceful. From what I could comprehend, the most vehement

hement had the worst of the argument. The present hall being found inconvenient, the palace of Bourbon is fitting up for the reception of the Five Hundred in a stile of more than royal magnificence.

The Assembly of Ancients, which is held in the palace of the Thuilleries, gives you on entering a sensation very different from what was excited by a view of the Five Hundred. The order and arrangement of the hall, the decency of appearance of the members, the quiet which reigned through the whole, inspired respect. We were introduced by Rabaut de Pommier, a man generally esteemed; who had the goodness to explain to us whatever we desired to know respecting the forms, and the different members, whose figures and countenances excited our curiosity. The president was at first occupied in arranging and signing various papers; and when he opened the sitting, it was done by putting his three-coloured sash across his shoulders; and his hat on his head. The officers of the Assembly wear their sashes round the waist; the members

bers, who mean to take any active part in the meeting, who are to make any report, or speak to the points which are to come before the Assembly, wear their sashes like the president, and mount a desk immediately before his chair. The sash is portable, so as to go into the pocket; and should a member be urged by an impulse to speak, he can easily creep into his scarf, and indulge his propensity; but it is not permitted to persons to harangue in their place, or without this badge. There was a very interesting report made from a committee, the day of our visit, which was confirmed by the Assembly; viz. a resolution to pay a quarter's interest *en numeraire*, to the public creditors. This was a business of general concern throughout Europe; and much to the contentment of two Swiss in our company, who were essentially interested. Have they the power to carry this into execution, or to continue it? I should think not; and it may be merely a false light held out for political purposes.

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The Directoire, or executive government, is established in the Luxembourg; where the councils are held, and where its members reside. There is a hall of audience open every day at noon to all the world, at which a member of the Directory attends in his robes, to receive petitions, to hear complaints, or whatever relates to the interest of the state, or of individuals. In this palace each member of the Directoire has a separate, a stately, and expensive establishment; amounting, as I have been informed, to forty thousand louis-dors *per annum* for each. To render this residence more commodious, more magnificent, and more worthy of this sovereign, great repairs are in contemplation, and immense quantities of stones and other materials for buildings are amassed: but the work is at present suspended; as the money is wanted for more pressing occasions.

I should have been pleased to have been present at an audience, could I have found an hour, to have witnessed the strange exhibition
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of proud humility : where a sovereign, lofty as any Asiatic, is content to lower himself to familiarity with his co-citoyens with affected condescension ; and seems to sink to their level for one hour in the day, the more surely to play the despot during the remaining twenty-three. For nothing is more certain than that, though the five heads of this modern hydra seem wrapped in a cap of liberty, it is but a mask to conceal the horrid visage of a despotism as absolute as that of the Grand Turk, or of any tyrant, ancient or modern. The French nation is not yet arrived at the point of temper to be really free. Long habituated to the uncontrouled sway of a despot and his minions, the people, just unyoked from a heavy state coach, would be too wild and too wanton to draw quietly and safely the light machine of a free government, if not restrained and awed by reins and whips not totally unlike those to which they have been accustomed. This was evident from their unruly behaviour in the first moments of emancipation ;

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tion; and their demagogues were obliged to establish a system of terror. That has been exchanged for what, from comparison, is denominated Moderatism; but, in fact, is tyranny under another form, which the present government endeavour to conceal by little sacrifices and concessions. The people fancy themselves free, because they have the liberty to speak and write with impunity, and with all possible licentiousness, of their magistrates and neighbours. If the present system is examined, it will turn out to be decidedly military. Its trials are military, its executions military, and its police military; and perhaps the present ostensible government is likewise itself under military controul, and obliged to regulate its operations by what will please the armies employed at a distance.

I was much pleased to have an opportunity to see the grand festival of the new year (on the 22d of September by our stile,) which was to be celebrated with great pomp, and at a great expence. It was the commencement of the
fifth

fifth year of the *republique une et indivisible* ; and processions, races, and illuminations were to be exhibited for the amusement of the public.

Nothing can be better calculated for a grand show than the *Champ de Mars*, being of great extent ; of which one side is occupied by the military school, and destined for the reception of the Directory, &c. before the commencement of the procession. A spacious portion of this Field of Mars is surrounded by an earthen mound ; in the centre is a mount raised above the level of the area ; and in the middle of that, another smaller and more elevated still, in the centre of which is placed a Colossal statue of Liberty, with its attributes. In front of the pedestal, facing the military school, was erected a throne for the accommodation of the members of the Directoire, and the remainder was filled up with chairs and benches to be occupied by the ministers of state, diplomatic corps, and what they call *pouvoirs constitués* ; reserving a place for a band of music. The outer mound, from its extent and form, could afford

place for many thousand spectators, to view whatever games were to be exhibited in the area comprehended between that and the mound : to preserve which free from annoyance, by the encroachment of the mob, posts were placed at certain distances, joined by a cord, guarded by centinels ; and a moving party of cavalry put all stragglers to the rout. Between the military school and the Goddess of Liberty was raised an arch representing a section of the zodiac, with the sign Libra balanced over the centre.

The Directory, and members of government, having been previously marshalled in the hall of the military school, the procession began a little before six o'clock, by the four seasons of the year, represented by large waggons drawn by eight horses ; on the outside were painted the characteristic symbols, and within were musicians, and the cars suitably attended by mowers, reapers, grape-gatherers, &c. ; the whole preceded and closed by troops of infantry and cavalry. These having made the circuit of the field, the march of magistracy began, with an excellent

excellent band of music in front ; the five members of the Directory followed, and then the ministers of the different departments of the state, properly guarded and attended. It was calculated that the Directory should pass under the zodaical arch at the point of time when the sun entered the sign Libra ; and intended, that a crown suspended on the arch should fall whenever this representative body, by passing under the balance, had given leave to the fifth year of the republic to commence. But the emblem of royalty proved refractory, and would not stoop to the bonnet rouge of the republic *one and indivisible*, but kept its station on high, deranged indeed, but not absolutely displaced. The procession marched on towards the mount, where the Directory occupying the place of distinction, the ministers and municipal officers arranging themselves in due order, and the musical band taking possession of a little orchestra on the right, the president *pro tempore* made an oration, which I was not able to hear distinctly ; but I could discover to be an eulogy of the republic, announcing their achievements and victories. The

speaker, which, I believe, was Reubel, having finished, the gentry round the statue attempted to excite some plaudits, but these were too feeble to electrize even the company on the first mount, much less to affect the great mass of people on the mound; which preserved a most chilling silence, with the same *sang froid*, the same mortifying indifference, as if the speech had been in praise of the Roman or Spartan republics. Indeed we were assured that the bulk of the Parisians are surfeited with these unmeaning and expensive conceits; they affect a contempt of them, and speak their disapprobation of money being so idly squandered in times of distress and want. One of the spectators expressing his regret at the bad weather, and want of sunshine to enliven the shew, was answered by his neighbour, "The sun has ceased to shine on us, it now only shines in London."

After the speech a hymn was sung with accompaniments, and applauded by those who were within hearing. The procession being returned to the military school, the races began;
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in which there was nothing very wonderful; the horse race very inferior to those in England; that of the chariots poor, compared to those of Florence on St. John's day. The Florentine were drawn by four horses a-breast, richly caparisoned, and the chariots finely gilded and painted; the French but little ornamented, and with two steeds of no great show. By the time the games were finished, the day began to close, and the lamps of illumination were lighted; these were disposed with great taste and effect, upon the front of the fine building, along the avenues of trees, and in a magnificent circle of stars surrounding the Field of Mars; and shewed most beautifully and strikingly brilliant from the opposite side of the river, where I afterwards joined Mrs. D. to have a fuller view of the fire-works, which finished the spectacle; but were neither in great variety or beauty. One of the circumstances of this fête, which gratified me the most, was its procuring me a short conversation with Madame Tallien, who was known to my companion Monsieur Levade of Lausanne. Her figure, though in a riding-dress,

was elegant, her countenance interesting, and her manners easy and agreeable. She is much and deservedly admired, not so much for accomplishments (though possessed of many) as for virtues. This may sound strange in the ears of the rigidly virtuous, who have only heard of her connexion with Tallien; but with those who have known her better, she is admired for those qualities of mind and temper, which could soften and subdue that tiger's heart; and is beloved for that benevolence and charity, which was so powerfully exerted in the cause of suffering humanity; which has made her the amiable instrument to save hundreds of the persecuted from the hands of the executioners, and the miseries of cruel imprisonment. Under the ferocious tyranny of the dastardly unfeeling Robespierre, she was herself the object of his base fears and unmanly persecution. She was immured in a damp and loathsome dungeon, chained to the ground, ankle deep in water, till her delicate limbs were galled to the bone by the irons with which they were loaded. She would soon have sunk under this treatment, or have suffered on a scaffold;

scaffold; but having found means to advertise her lover of her perilous situation, his fears on her account, is said to have hastened the catastrophe of that sanguinary monster.

There are two characters that figured in the French revolution, of a cast that has rarely occurred; and were justly held in general abhorrence, even in the zenith of their power and influence. No one will hesitate to say, that I must mean Orleans and Robespierre. Yet I ought to deprecate the anger of the manes of Robespierre in having disgraced his name, by joining it with that of the ignoble Egalité; who is certainly of all the worthless of our age, *facile princeps*. He was formed so fortunately without one good quality, and so eminently endowed with every one bad, that one vice sometimes acted as antidote to another, and thus both were rendered almost harmless. Had a few good qualities been mingled in his composition with the bad, his sphere of mischief would have been much enlarged; but his cowardice, his perfidy, and his avarice served as counterpoisons

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to his cruelty, his family influence, and that power which he might have derived from his immense riches. Robespierre was more consistent and less hypocritical; he avowed his great atrocious plans with bold assurance, and pursued them with the most uniform and shameless waste of human blood. He did not meanly condescend to affect popularity, but depended on his system of terror to establish his resistless power.

Avarice was so predominant in the character of Orleans, that he debased the dignity and grandeur of his family-mansion, to add a few thousands to a revenue already princely; and the gardens of the Palais Royal were converted into shops, taverns, playhouses, and brothels. This conversion of property from luxury to gain, might have assumed in another the merit of patriotism and improvement; but in him it would bear no better interpretation, than that of increasing his power of doing mischief, by twenty-five thousand louis-dors per ann. The plans however have been well executed; in the
arcades,

arcades, which run round, are most elegant shops, and a display of a variety of costly and useful articles : part of the unoccupied space is laid out as a public walk, and in the centre a handsome building half under ground, fitted for an occasional concert-room, is called the Lyceum, and is at present the place of meeting of a thriving society of arts. Within the precincts of these ci-devant gardens, there are two or three theatres ; and the space before the back entrance is now occupied by the hawkers of assignats and mandats ; and by another set of *agioteurs* called pick-pockets. Paper money having lost its currency, that part of the business has dwindled prodigiously ; yet as government still buys it up to answer some of its own purposes, jobbing is not totally extinct. During our stay at Paris, we saw no circulation of paper money ; and in the shops every thing was exorbitantly dear, though paid in hard cash. The Palais Royal was so near our hotel, that it was our daily walk ; and we frequently regaled ourselves with ice and refreshments at the coffee-houses, which were there in great number.

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One of our spare mornings was agreeably passed at a meeting at the society of arts in the Lyceum ; of that entertainment Mrs. D. has written so particular an account that I shall not meddle with it, as her Journal will generally accompany this,

Having the wish to see the present French in their amusements, we visited the theatres in the evening, as often as the fatigue of the day would permit us. That of the Rue Feydeau is the most elegant, the most frequented, and deserves to be so ; as the pieces are selected with judgment, and played with superior spirit and talents. The music is nothing very enchanting ; though that of the opera of Telemachus is not bad ; the voices are tolerable, and the decorations showy. I was particularly pleased with the acting of Mademoiselle Comptà in the comedy of the *Femme Jalouse*.

The ballets of Paris are in general superior to every other exhibition ; and that of Cupid and Psyche, at the French opera, was certainly
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most excellent, for the dancing, dresses and machinery. The opera of Dido wretchedly tedious, as operas generally are.

We sacrificed an evening to the theatre of the Cité, to see a lively representation of the ridiculous, though cruel forms practised during the revolutionary period. It is situated opposite to the public building named Le Palais, which was the cradle of Robespierre's bloody transactions; and, as being near the source of these enormities, has been pitched upon for the representation of *Les Aristides Modernes*. This piece is said to be a faithful picture of a *comité révolutionnaire*, without being over-charged; that the scenes are copies of what really happened; of the nefarious schemes, brutal manners, filthy dress, and coarse language, even to the very words of the notorious terrorists. The scene is laid in Burgundy, where the reign of terror had been most severely felt; and served to explain the cause of the depressed and suspicious air which we observed so particularly to prevail in that

that province. The audience was vulgar in dress and manners; but their plaudits were unbounded on every part that exposed the villainy of that execrable junto of monsters. The government is supposed to encourage the representation of this, and of other pieces having a similar tendency; wishing very wisely to preserve a remembrance of the striking contrast of the systems of terror and moderatism. Yet the spectacle, to us, inspired more of disgust than satisfaction. The wretches represented on the stage, and the figures on the benches, seemed so near a-kin, that, with very little help of the imagination, we could have conceived the scene real; and that the spectators were personally applauding the original transaction, rather than disapproving it in the representation. In short, the whole exhibited a picture so horrid as to make us shudder, and feel happy when we had escaped from the theatre, the audience, and the neighbourhood. The courts of justice still continue to be held in the Palais, and are open to every one. I wished much to have seen the forms

forms of trial ; but it was holiday, and my time so short, that I could not find another day to satisfy my curiosity.

There is one point on which it would be unjust not to praise a Paris audience ; the profound attention and silence which is observed while the actors are on the stage. The people applaud with great propriety and discernment ; and never begin to clap till the admired sentence or speech is finished. We saw nothing of that exuberant gaiety, which has been said to mark the French character. In the theatres, the people seemed rather grave than joyous ; in the public walks and streets, rather melancholy than chearful. The commonalty of Paris, whom we saw in crowds among the woods and jetteaux of St. Cloud, had neither vivacity in their countenances nor briskness in their movements. If they came there in search of pleasure, they had the air of having been disappointed ; and we were no less so, in our expectation of scenes of jollity. We looked to find, with groups of French people, mirth almost amounting to folly,

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with all its accompaniments of talking, singing, dancing, and laughing. But, on the contrary, I never saw in any country a holiday more solemn. Numbers of little carts had left Paris loaded with passengers; the evening was uncommonly fine, the moon in full lustre, and the gardens crowded. On our return, we passed on the road not fewer than two hundred of these vehicles full of people; the great proportion was of women; yet the sound of festivity was not heard from any of these different parties. This long train had more the air of a procession just issued from the cave of Trophonius, than that of carriages filled with Parisians on a party of pleasure: they seemed not merely deficient in mirth, but in conversation; as we could hardly distinguish that a word came from any of the groups, though we listened with the most watchful attention.—Does the form of the government new-model the character of the individual? Is the road that conducts to liberty so painful as to convert gaiety into gloom? Is it the remembrance of past miseries, joined to remaining fears of the future, that has turned
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mirth into melancholy with the people of France? Does a democratic government, by rendering a whole nation politicians, impose a mask of solemnity on countenances that originally wore an air of careless and happy contentment? Has the revolution, then, changed the character of this people, or has it only unmasked them?

I should conclude from what I have been able to observe, that the population of Paris must be considerably diminished. It is only at the Mairie, and the municipalities where crowds are to be seen. The streets are narrower than those of London, and the number of carriages very few : almost all the inhabitants are foot-passengers; yet the appearance of crowds, even in the most frequented quarters of Paris, is certainly infinitely below what is to be seen in almost any part of the English capital. At the Mairie, &c. the numbers collected can be no proof of population; since the necessity imposed on every one to have a signed permission

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to be in Paris, brings numbers every hour to have passports granted, examined, or renewed. The reign of terror is past, but that of constraint remains; and the frequent attempts of the Jacobins to excite disturbances, render every sort of precaution prudent and necessary.

The Parisians, in all their latter decorations of their streets and shops, have adopted, perhaps, without being sensible of it, the English mode of making an elegant display of the articles of their trade. The arcades of the Palais Royal, and some other streets, are exactly in the London style; and make a handsome appearance.

It is but a few months since carriages were allowed to pass and repass in the streets of Paris. The democratic spirit of equality, could not brook the smallest marks of superiority, and would have every one on a level. All were obliged to have an exterior equally shabby; all required

required to submit to being bespattered with the mud of the streets, and wet by the rain from the skies. Even the endeavour to shelter yourself under an umbrella was offensive to the populace; and such a thing was neither to be seen in the streets, or found in the shops, as I experienced when, desirous to purchase one for the convenience of our journey, I searched all Paris in vain. But things are now on the change; and the number of carriages increases daily. Six months before our arrival the number did not amount to two hundred of all descriptions; at present they are reckoned fifteen or eighteen hundred. Many were neat, some quite elegant. A few months ago, a coat of arms on a coach would have endangered the life of the person within; even a plain cypher would have exposed the occupier to brutal insult: but pride is now resuming fast its flattering distinctions; is arrived at a mantling, and no doubt the armorial bearings will soon follow. The longest strides towards parade and pomp are made by those whom the freaks of

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fortune

fortune have in this scramble raised to a situation which in quiet times could seldom happen. In the overthrow of the ancient orders and distinctions of society, which has taken place to such extent in France, the degraded nobility have been insultingly denominated *ci-devants*; and the ambulatory wits have humorously nick-named *ci-derrieres*, those of the canaille who have been transplanted from the outside to the inside of a coach.

The convents and churches, and the palaces of the ancient noblesse, who have been murdered, or who have fled, have all been seized by the nation; are marked with the words, *propriété nationale*; and to be sold when purchasers can be found with courage to open their concealed hoards. It was with regret that I eat some ice in the magnificent Hotel de Richlieu, now metamorphosed into a coffee-house; and paid for it at the rail which formerly inclosed the state bed, now used as the bar. I knew the duke in Germany; he is of the flower of the emigrants.

grants. At an entertainment given at Vienna by the Russian ambassador, this amiable man invited me to the side-board to drink a glass of claret, the growth of his estate; "which," he said, with a sigh, "was the last he had been able to present to his friends; and perhaps his power to bestow was gone for ever." Little as I approve the desertion of the nobility of France, at a moment when every man ought to have remained in his place, there are many whom I can pity, some whom I can excuse. But surely at such a time, when so important a concern was at issue, when so great a stake was to be played for, as rights and privileges, rank and property, and ancient establishments of law and religion, it was every man's duty to watch over and guard those sacred deposits in person. The abuses which had arisen called for correction, and the necessary reform, which by the firmness of good and powerful men might have been effected, degenerated into revolution in its ugliest forms, by their flight. Every individual, however inconsiderable, is the centre of a circle,

over which he possesses some influence ; and in times of public commotion and danger, that is the position he should occupy. Beyond the circumference of his own sphere, he is neither able to judge truly, nor act effectually ; and nothing can excuse a man for quitting his post, even in the extremest danger, but a conviction that his struggles would be useless, and his life lost by remaining at home.

Among other curiosities of Paris, we were carried to see a small house near the Boulevards, a perfect model of elegant magnificence. It is indeed a jewel, and had been built and finished for an idolized opera-girl, with all that art, encouraged by money, could execute, of rich and excellent in painting, sculpture, inlaying, and gilding ; in mirrors, hangings, carpets, and other furniture, disposed with taste, and rendered subservient to all the purposes of Cyprian voluptuousness. Though in a great town, this fairy palace has all the comforts of tranquillity and retirement ; it is placed in a garden into
which

which the windows of the principal apartments look ; and tho' small, is so tastily disposed, as to mingle the beauties from without with those of the elegancies within. The principal bed-chambers are on the same floor with the saloons ; and the state bed is entirely lined, and canopied with mirrors, which reflect around the reposing Sybarite, the flowers and shrubs of the garden, and who must seem to lie in a delicious arbour. The bathing room is disposed and ornamented in great taste : the light is admitted to glimmer through windows of painted glass ; a gallery runs round the apartment at a proper height, arranged for music, to heighten the luxury of the bath ; and at one end, in an obscure recess, is a sofa, constructed with all the voluptuous elegance and ease that the most refined sensualist could wish. Even the basest natural wants are here administered to with a studied display of magnificence. A water-closet has been fitted by an artist brought expressly for that purpose from London : the lining of the room silk, the wooden part of the most beautiful mahogany

highly polished ; and the moveable apparatus of the finest porcelain ; two bell-ropes of filk, with gold tassels depending, at each end : the whole as if calculated to give to the calls of necessity the air and idea of an enjoyment. This unhappy votary of pleasure had nearly fallen a victim to her display of luxury and wealth ; and was happy to dispose of her enchanting mansion at a very inferior price, that she might be able to withdraw her neck from the guillotine with more facility.

Being extremely desirous to see the cabinet of natural history, which had been in a great measure formed by the celebrated Buffon, I obtained an order for that purpose, on a day not open to the public, and a permission to see some articles from the Stadtholder's cabinet, which had never yet been exposed to view. The original collection is noble ; consisting of numerous and excellent specimens ; but was too extensive to be examined satisfactorily in the small portion of time which I could bestow ; and that of
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the Prince of Orange, now to be added, will render the French Museum of natural history superior to any thing of the kind in Europe. The pillage of the Stadtholder is rich in beasts, birds, serpents, butterflies, and other insects, productions of both the Indies. In six months the whole will be arranged, and will then be a noble feast to all lovers of natural history. The botanical garden is very considerable; with a variety of exotics and Alpine plants: yet the green and hot-houses are certainly inferior to those of Shoenbrunn, near Vienna.

The present government has taken all these institutions into its own immediate protection, and meditates many valuable improvements in the various branches of science. For it must be confessed for the honour of the present rulers, that, amidst all the disorder and occupation of foreign war and internal commotion, they have not been unmindful of the arts of peace. Their ideas are enlarged, and their projects great; and the well-informed and worthy

thy men begin to venture forward. Should peace be established, and such allowed to act, France will quickly become rich, flourishing, and powerful; and Paris among the first of cities for useful science, and for elegant arts. I say nothing of the means by which such superiority will be acquired: these, perhaps, will not be easily defended, on principles of honour and justice. But as the sole aim of the present government seems to be the aggrandizement of France, in every way, without any scruples respecting the mode; should success continue to favour their arms, whatever is best in painting sculpture, and the fine arts, will be carried in triumph to their boasted capital; which will consequently become in future the resort of the learned and curious, as it has heretofore been of the dissipated, idle, and gay.

It is said that luxury is daily gaining ground, particularly among those who have fattened by the spoil of others, or by the public necessities. Among the females, dress assumes a more gaudy display;

display ; and even the men venture to be clean and decent in their apparel. The robes of office established for the Directory, ministers, and other members of the state, was founding the tocsin to lovers of gay clothing, and must soon have the force of an anti-sumptuary law. It has already begun to destroy the mean uniformity in dress, which characterized the revolutionary system ; and fashion will resume its empire, before the nation can determine the political form of its government. Gaming has not lost its sway in Paris ; as within view of our hotel, the worshippers of Faro and Biribi performed their nightly orgies with great regularity and devotion ; the priestesses furnishing a gratuitous supper at midnight.

Willing to act within the limits of the indulgence, so politely granted by the Directory, we left Paris on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of September. While we stopped to change horses

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ses at Chantilly, we took a cursory view of the Park, and of the ruins of the once magnificent stables: and though highly sensible of the inestimable blessing of liberty, I could not but grieve, that it had in France been contended for with so much of animosity and cruelty, and with such extensively destructive violence. I talked with an English artisan at Chantilly, who was attached to a manufactory of wool cards. He informed me that the number employed along with him, were between forty and fifty; and that there was likewise established there a linen manufactory chiefly carried on by English workmen.

We slept that night at Clermont, an indifferent inn: but which the owners promise shall be better, should tranquillity be restored to France, and peace made with England. Their card is curious in its kind. It is in English and French. The English is as follows:

“ Chretien

" Chretien, son-in-law of Mr. Caron deceased,
 " Has got the victualling-house of the Royal
 " Swan to Clermont, in Beauvoisis: he
 " lodges Princes, Ambassadors, and others
 " of all distinction. Therein are also
 " coach-houses for the carriages, and sta-
 " bles for English horses; and all in the
 " best manner,
 " To Clermont,"

Our second day's journey was extremely
 disagreeable from violent rain, which had
 much injured the roads: yet we reached Amiens
 early in the day, and were comfortably enter-
 tained at the post-house. Passing through Ab-
 beville the next day, where we only stopped to
 change horses, we arrived in time to dine at
 Montreuil, where we found very tolerable ac-
 commodations at the * * * (I have forgot the
 sign.) The next day we reached Boulogne, at
 noon, September the twenty-seventh, and hailed
 with

with infinite satisfaction, the cleanly comforts of an English inn upon the quay.

Little occurred worthy notice on our journey from Paris to Boulogne. We did not hurry, but were very well served by the post. The stages are very short, and do not give a courier time to arrive many minutes before his master; yet we invariably found the horses harnessed, and waiting our arrival in the public road; consequently we might have made the journey in half the time, had we been so disposed. The country we passed through, seems fertile, and well cultivated, though we saw very few people in the fields; but being bare of trees, and almost without inclosures, affords nothing either picturesque or pleasant to the eye of the traveller. The affecting marks of revolutionary ravage were not so visible on this side of Paris; yet the number of churches are every where reduced. At Montreuil they are diminished from seven to two; and always, I believe, with the approbation of the majority. Our intelligent

gent hostels assured us that two were sufficient for Montreuil.

From Morey in Franche Compté to Boulogne sur Mer, the general wish was for peace. I am confident that were it to be determined by plurality of voices, not one in a thousand would be found hostile. How far the Directoire may find itself sufficiently firm to risk a measure which would disband the numerous armies of France; how these armies might be inclined to quit a life of licentious plunder, for days of labour; and needful industry; how the chiefs of these bands might be disposed to descend to the level of common citizens, are points which can only be known by the event. A peace will undoubtedly be an intricate business, and very difficult to settle. There are so many and so various interests to arrange, at home and abroad, both respecting foreign powers, and the change of property, as will oppose a thousand obstacles to any negociation; and which nothing less than imperious necessity will be able

able to surmount. The French government will be haughty and insolent; the English not much more humble; and our ally, the Emperor, may perhaps expect more concessions in his favour, than he can reasonably demand from the present state of his affairs. The Directory will be puzzled what to do to find employment for thousands that must return home; and will fear to furnish cause of disturbance to the two factions of monarchy and terror, which are equally on the watch to annoy it; and avail themselves of every occasion to vilify and embarrass the present rulers. The Royalists and Jacobins are known to agree perfectly in hatred to the actual government; but that is, perhaps, the sole point in which they do accord: and the executive power endeavours to play off one against the other, to produce a counterpoise. Indeed it is said openly, that the treatment shewn to the Jacobins in the last plots, owed much of its lenity to this principle. Fame ascribes to some of the members in power a strong bias to favour the doctrines of their former associates in the system of terror;

terror; of which system some of the leaven is said to ferment even in the Directory itself: nor do the people of Paris scruple to name Barras as being tinctured with the spirit of Jacobinism.

The report of an invasion of England, which had been propagated for some time with much industry, seemed to me, from all I could discern, to be somewhat apocryphal. The general permission granted to us by the Directory to embark from whatever part of their coast best suited our purpose, argued no apprehensions of having plans discovered that they wished to conceal; and we saw no appearance of troops, or vessels to transport troops across the sea, in the harbour of Boulogne. On the journey from Paris to the sea-side, we saw but one body of soldiers on the march, which was moving in a direction from the coast towards the interior parts of the country; and the camp at Dunkirk was too inconsiderable to furnish any real ground of alarm, being thought scarcely of force sufficient

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to protect the neighbourhood from the insults of our numerous armed vessels employed on the station. I don't advance these circumstances as proofs, but merely as presumptions against any intention to invade us from that part of the coast. Perhaps their menaces and our fears were equally pretended; and I conjectured the report might be employed politically on each side of the water, to answer temporary purposes.

On our arrival at Boulogne, we were much elated to find there an English packet, that had brought dispatches to the French government, and would be ready to sail the next day for Dover. We were happy to view this as the dawning of peace to the harrassed world; and doubly enjoyed our approach to England in the prospect, that the horrors by which our ears had been wounded during so long a time, were likely to have an end. We were, however, dreadfully mortified to discover, that, as a vessel of government, it would not be allowed to carry passengers;

gers ; that, as our passports were granted for Calais, we should not have leave to embark at Boulogne ; and, what was still worse, that all communication with England had been prohibited, excepting from the port of Dieppe. Thus circumstanced, the last letter of Monsieur Delacroix came in aid of all our troubles ; and the mayor and municipality, the officers of the custom-house, and of the port, were alike forward to assist our embarkation, which took place at nine o'clock, the 28th of September ; and in five hours we were landed safe at Dover.

To say I was glad to find myself in our own land of freedom and comfort, after an absence of four years and a half, is not saying enough. I was happy and delighted to have escaped from the seat of war, and even from the doubtful security of Switzerland ; and to have brought Mrs. D. comfortably and quietly home, without experiencing any of the inconveniences and apprehensions which would have unavoidably attend-

ed the passage by Hamburgh. By that we should have been exposed to meet the hostile armies, and to suffer all the miseries of a long sea-voyage; in which the fear of shipwreck, and of capture by the enemy, would have been painfully aggravated by the agonizing torture of sea-sickness, which, to my dear Mrs. D. is suffering hardly to be believed. The traversing France at so interesting a period was extremely gratifying to our mind; as every mile we travelled, and every hour we spent in that extraordinary country, afforded matter of observation and speculation, and we felt the pleasure of return enhanced by the gratification of curiosity.

Thus have I finished a tour, lengthened almost two years beyond the time first intended, by the untoward circumstances of the period at which we live; a period eventful, I believe, above any recorded in the annals of modern history.

Yet

Yet I cannot regret, as either useless or unpleasant, the time I was detained in Germany and Switzerland. It procured me much information, flattering distinctions, and, what is superior far, the acquaintance and friendship of many amiable and estimable people—souls of honour—hearts of great worth—understandings capable to amuse, inform, and instruct all who could possess the privilege of intimacy with them. And I have an honest pride in declaring, that, though the honour of their acquaintance was duly valued, their attachment was a thousand times more gratifying to Mrs. D. and myself. Though personally separated from them for a season, their epistolary correspondence is precious to me; and I look forward to the times of tranquillity that may permit us to receive them on our own island, or rejoin on their own continent, with a satisfaction more easily felt than expressed.

THE END.



NOTES

OF A

JOURNEY FROM BERNE TO ENGLAND, THROUGH FRANCE.

MADE IN THE YEAR 1796.

By M. D.

AT the beginning of our travels, my dearest Mr. Douglas, you desired me to keep a Journal; a request I complied with, because you made it; though convinced of its being a work of supererogation, considering you was engaged in the employment, and for ten thousand reasons so much better qualified to execute it. The kindness of your motives, however, which I knew were to awaken my attention and find me occupation, forced my compliance; and your desire that our observations should not be disunited, is the reason of their now appearing together.

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AFTER

AFTER spending the winter at Ratisbon, the dreariness of the surrounding country determined us to quit it early in the spring, and we accordingly fixed our departure for the middle of May. We executed our design, though not without pain, from the affectionate regret expressed by our friends and acquaintance; and that we ourselves felt at leaving persons whom we loved, liked, or esteemed, without foreseeing when and where we should meet again; our intention being, if peace did not open us a passage to England, to spend the ensuing winter in Italy. My health, which had suffered during the winter, found the usual benefit from travelling; and the summer spent at my favourite Berne completed the cure, notwithstanding the anxieties of mind I suffered, owing to the situation of the Continent. We found Switzerland in a very doubtful state as to the possibility of retaining its neutrality; the French began to over-run Italy; it was soon clear we should not be able to go there; and the news we heard from Germany seemed to threaten that country becoming equally impracticable.

Our

Our minds grew daily more and more anxious; the health and spirits of my beloved husband became affected by it; he saw, and at last confessed to me the danger we were in, of being shut out of England, surrounded by the French, without means of obtaining money for our subsistence; all communication between our own country and the continent being stopt. The situation was truly alarming, and drove me to a step which I then considered, and still consider as desperate; consenting to go by Hamburgh. I was and am convinced, that many days spent on the sea, would, from sea-sickness, materially and lastingly affect my health; but in the situation we were, no step was free from danger, and terrible as a sea voyage would have been to me, it was better than being in the midst of war and bloodshed, or exposed to want the necessary means of support in a foreign land. My dear Mr. D——, however, well knowing the miseries which would attend me in the journey by Hamburgh, was determined to make one bold effort to save me from it. He had during our residence at Ratisbon endeavoured, by application to the Prussian Minister at Paris, to obtain leave to pass thro' France, for the purpose of embarking at Calais; the minister gave for answer,

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that being certain the request would not be granted, he did not chuse to expose himself to a refusal. On our arrival in Switzerland, Mr. D—— applied to Mr. Barthelimi, who also told him the permission was unattainable.

Desirous, however, if possible, to save me the horrors of a long sea passage, my ever kind husband resolved to apply immediately to Charles de la Croix, *ministre des relations extérieures*, for the permission he so much wished to obtain; which became every day more and more necessary, as the French were making hourly progress in Germany. The letter to Paris dispatched, Mr. D—— left me to go to the baths of Loëches, his health being in a kind of uncomfortable state, which made it necessary he should do something to improve it. Our separation at this time was peculiarly painful; my mind being equally harrassed with fears and anxieties, whatever might be our destination. To pass through France was an undertaking not to be looked forward to without apprehension; but I confess, in my own mind, I preferred whatever danger might attend that, to the consequences I apprehended from long protracted sea-sickness. To add to my uneasinesses on my own account, I felt the utmost anxiety for

for Madame de Biolay and little Mary, whom (as had peace permitted us, we should have returned to England thro' Germany,) we had left at Ratibon, and who seemed in danger of encountering the French in that town, and being by their progress prevented joining us. All these doubts and difficulties I had to combat with during Mr. D——'s absence, and shall never think of these painful moments without gratitude to the tender unremitting friendship of Madame Herbolt, and the consoling calmness, composure, and friendly advice, and encouragement of professor Ith, without which I must have suffered still more than I did, from my distressing situation. A few days before Mr. D——'s return, a letter arrived from Paris, granting us the desired permission in the handsomest manner. I confess the certainty of having to engage in so perilous an undertaking, required a stronger resolution than mine to meet it undaunted. It cost me a two days fever; but from that time my mind became composed, and was never materially disturbed after. Throughout the accomplishment of this undertaking, the calmness of my own mind surprised me; nor could I but feel grateful to the Almighty, to whom I hope it will not be thought presumption,

tion, if I own I could not help often ascribing the courage with which I was enabled to perform this perilous, but necessary journey.

I immediately wrote to Ratisbon, desiring Madame de B. to join us with Mary, as soon as possible, and had soon after the happiness of seeing my dear Mr. D—— return from Loëches improved in health by the waters, and in spirits by the permission from Paris. To enjoy one another's society, a little while uninterrupted, we obtained leave to reside at the Isle de St. Pierre a few days, and went from Berne for that purpose shortly after his return. This Isle de St. Pierre is a beautiful island in the lake of Bienne; it is well wooded, commands charming views of the lake, and the country about is studded with numberless little towns and villages, close to the water's edge, and uniting sublimity with beauty, by having the magnificent range of snow mountains seen from Berne, full in its view. The natural beauty of this place well deserves a traveller's notice, which I think I have heard however that it seldom obtained till Rousseau made it his residence. He was obliged to quit it by order of the government of Berne, to whom it belongs, and from that time no one can sleep there without special permission, even for a night.

It

It is certainly a lovely retirement, and was thought so much so by R——, that he offered to enter into an engagement never to write any more, if he might be permitted to remain there. I am apt to think, however, that he would have repented of his bargain, since tho' it is certainly a lovely solitude, that without employment must become irksome, and the island is too small to allow any extent, or variety of walks to its inhabitant. Here the admirers of R—— feel and indulge all the enthusiasm of fancy, and so far have some pushed it, as to invoke or expect him, nay fancy he appeared to them, (especially if they had the luck to sleep in the particular room he inhabited) which fancies have even given rise to some very ridiculous scenes. As to my unworthy self, who can not feel enthusiasm for the ingenious disguiser of vice, in the colours of virtue, I confess, tho' I inhabited that very room, I had no visions; nor did my thoughts dwell otherwise on R—— than to lament over the unfortunate man, who with fine feelings and fine talents, derived nothing from the first but distress, apprehension and mortification; and chiefly employed the last in confounding virtue and vice, so as to leave them hardly distinguishable; thereby doing more mischief in
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the world, in spite of all his partizans can say in his favour, than those who perhaps meant not so well as himself.—Having enjoyed ourselves here for the time allowed us, we returned to Berne again to reside for a few weeks previous to our journey thro' France. On our arrival at Berne we were most agreeably surprised by the sight of Joseph, the servant we had left at Ratisbon with Madame de B——, who called out to us the moment we were within hearing—'we are all arrived safe and well.' We immediately went to congratulate Madame de B—— on the good success of her spirit and courage, for it required much of those qualities to come from Ratisbon when the French were every moment expected in Switzerland; it not appearing by any means certain she might not fall in with the French army, which, in fact, arrived at Constance the next day after she left Bregentz. Thanks, however, to her well judged resolution, all the family was once more safely reunited, and ready to proceed together on the intended journey. I have already said so much about Berne, that I can add nothing more, except, that the longer my residence, the stronger became my attachment to it and its delightful environs. Far from losing its charms
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by being accustomed to them, every day and every walk produced some new scene of majestic or rural beauty ; and I still retain the partiality which led me to say, in a former part of my journal, that for health and pleasure, Berne would be my chosen residence.

It became, however, necessary to enter on our arduous undertaking, and the 27th of August was fixed for our departure. I left Berne with my usual hope of some day seeing it again, which I wish from attachment to the place, and grateful regard to friends, who proved themselves such to me at a moment when I most wanted support and consolation, which my best friend was not at hand to give me. As, notwithstanding my frequent visits to Switzerland, I had never seen the Pais de Vaud, Mr. D—— kindly chose that road to France, by which means I received great pleasure from the lovely lake Lemane (or lake of Geneva) and the enchanting situation of Lausanne. From Lausanne we had a beautiful drive by the side of the lake to Morges, where we breakfasted very pleasantly with Madame Moret, the favourite sister of my friend Madame Muller, and from thence proceeded to Nyon, where we were to rejoin Madame de B——, who went there before us, to

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visit her family and friends. Mr. D—— took a trip from thence to Geneva, which I declined sharing, on account of a bad cold which I did not wish to take with me to France.

I remained therefore at Nyon, every day hoping to behold Mont Blanc, which I am told is seen finely from thence; but my hopes were vain, as the weather was thick and rainy all the time of my stay, and totally prevented my seeing any of the beauties belonging to the situation of Nyon. Mr. D—— returned from Geneva the 2d of September, and the next morning we set out for France. My mind was tranquil, yet, I own, fully and solely occupied with the undertaking, till forced to admit other ideas and sensations to share it. On stopping before Mr. Reverdil's door, the friend with whom Madame de B—— was staying, whose lady (one of the most interesting and elegant women I have seen abroad) I had become acquainted with, and who acts the part of friend and mother to Mademoiselle de Biolay, a very interesting girl of fourteen years of age, whom the harsh necessity of domestic misfortunes has forced her mother to quit, to seek in a foreign land some means of benefitting her family.

We

We did not intend to stop, but an addition of horses to the coach, on account of passing Mont Jura, obliged us to remain just behind it whilst that was done. On the threshold of the door stood the interesting daughter, pale and motionless, with a handkerchief in her hand, ready to wipe the silent tear, had any fallen; but her sensations were, I believe, beyond the power of tears, which at all events the fortitude she has learnt from her mother, both by precept and example, would have led her, if possible, to withhold; though close to the coach-door, she ventured not to approach it, nor did the distressed mother trust herself to look out at her heart-affecting child; at length, to my great relief, the coach moved slowly on, and we immediately followed.—My mind was now divided between two painful, though different, sentiments, which however were much alleviated by the fine scenery amongst the mountains of Jura. I shall not pretend to describe them, having already mentioned so much of this kind of scenery, which, though each journey through mountains affords, in reality, a different appearance to the eye, can only be expressed in writing by nearly the same words. After several hours, spent in winding amongst these mountains, we

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reached, in the midst of them, the French *Barrière*. It was a lone house, in a bleak and dreary spot, and tho' wild, had no tincture of sublimity to engage the mind ; mine therefore was at full leisure to feel the serious importance of the moment, and tho' *unagitated* felt an impression of assumed resolution, when the carriage stopped, and we saw for the first time the French in their red and blue caps, (the original *bonnet rouge* being now exploded) and were desired to walk into the house. I got out in silence, and followed where the master of the house led me, which was into his own room, amongst his family. I soon saw, fear was perfectly unnecessary ; we were treated with great civility and good natured attention, by all.

The examination of our passports and baggage was a long business, during which Madame de Biolay and I chatted with the women of the house, who insisted on giving Mary some soup, which was on the fire. Finding that we delayed their dinner very much, I tried for some time, without success, to persuade them to dine ; at length they consented, pressing us much to share their meal, which was truly social, as they all appeared in perfect harmony with each other, and one or two guests who were there. They addressed

dressed one another by the title of *citoyen*, and *citoyenne*, and we sat with them very comfortably till all our business being dispatched, we proceeded with hearts very much lightened by our reception, which seemed a kind of earnest of our safety. A little way further we were stopt again, for a few minutes, by some soldiers stationed as a guard to the frontiers. They looked shabby and glum, and I believe sneered at us a little; however they respected our passports too much to give us any disturbance, and we continued our way to Morey, a small town, romantically situated at the foot of the mountains, watered by a little river. We found here a good inn, and excellent accommodations. This being the first French town we had entered, we could not but look about us a little, to see whether the French in a body would treat us as civilly as a single family, in a remote situation. We had nothing to complain of, and the curiosity excited by our two loaded carriages, which stood in the street, was no more than would have appeared any where else on a similar occasion. The evening was cold, we had a fire kindled, and spent (what a few months before I could not have believed possible) a comfortable evening in France. Next morning we resumed
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our journey, and our minds being at ease concerning our safety, we had leisure to observe the state of the country, &c. We were still amongst the mountains, every part of which, that could at all admit of cultivation, was highly cultivated. We slept at a little place called Champagnolle, where we had bad accomodation; it not being a place to stop at, except from the necessity arising from travelling by Voiturier. We continued our journey next morning, dined at Poligny, and slept at Dole. Our road to Poligny was for the last part over a tremendous part of mount Jura, the steep descent of which would at any time have been alarming, even when the road was well kept; but having been, I suppose, intirely neglected since the revolution, it was almost impassable; our horses were all taken off except a pair, the coach was held up on each side; but that not proving sufficient security, a rope was fixed to the top of it on each side, and held tight by two men, and thus it at length reached the bottom of the mountain in safety. It is almost needless to say we all went on foot, yet I did not entirely escape fear, as may be supposed, when I add that from the perpendicular descent, and the horrible state of the road, I expected every moment to see the horses, driver, coach,

coach, and men attending it, roll down the mountain in horrible confusion. We dined at Poligny, and proceeded to Dole; the country continued highly cultivated, the people looked comfortable, and were very good humoured and civil. Here and there a defaced chateau gave rise to melancholy reflections, which were relieved however by a number of neat snug cottages, some finished, some building; which conveyed an idea that the lower ranks of people, now freed from oppression, were beginning to enjoy the comfort of secure property. However consoling this idea might be, a melancholy reflection could not but at times obtrude, concerning the unfortunate owners of the dilapidated chateaux, who, though many of them might have been the oppressors of their inferior neighbours, were doubtless some of them the resource of poverty, and the supporters of honest industry. Popular commotion however made no distinction, and every great house bore marks of its fury. Some churches, all saints and crosses without exception, bore the same marks of the people's indignation. We arrived towards dark at Dole; this was the first great town we had entered, and our attention began again to awake to our reception. After a slight examination

nation at the gate, we were allowed to proceed to the inn. We ordered tea, and sat in quiet expectation of the coach, which being heavier than our carriage, often arrived a little later than we.

This time however we expected, and expected in vain, for a good while; at last our family joined us, and our female servants, with pale and terrified faces, told us they had been arrested in the street, and frightened to death. We remained in much alarm, till Madame de Biolay, whose presence of mind never forsakes her, informed us that one of the centinels at the entrance of the city, insisted on the passengers in the coach being examined at the municipality, before they went to the inn. The inn was at the further extremity of the town, which was very long; our driver, fearful for his horses after the fatigue they had that day undergone, entreated permission to follow us to the inn, where every satisfaction should be given the municipality concerning us. This would not content the centinel, who ordered out a file of soldiers, whom he placed with their bayonets presented at the head of our horses. Madame de Biolay on this got out, discoursed the soldiers, and the people, who by this time surrounded the carriage,

riage, and at length obtained permission to proceed to the inn with the carriage, leaving one of the servants to go to the municipality, who soon after joined us, and comforted us with the intelligence, that all the difficulty was obviated. We supposed this business ended, but our tea was not over before one of our servants came up to inform us, that the commanding officer and the chief of the municipality desired to see Mr. D—. I confess their visit rather disturbed me, however, Mr. D— desired they might be shown up, and I put the best face I could on the business, being convinced, as well as Mr. D—, that the surest way to avoid unfavourable suspicion, was to appear totally unembarrassed. Our two guests entered, and we had soon reason to be much pleased with their visit; its purport being to apologize for the behaviour of the sentinel, (who it seems was in liquor,) to express regret at our carriage having been molested, and to say that the cause of it was in custody, awaiting whatever punishment Mr. D.— should require as a satisfaction. It may be supposed, this polite attention had the thanks it deserved, and that Mr. D— required nothing but the release of the imprisoned soldier. The politeness of our visitors went so far as to decline

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seeing our passports, which Mr. D—— offered to show them. *Non citoyen, (said he) nous ne voulons pas que vous pensiez, que nous sommes venus examiner vos passeports, quand nous ne venons que pour vous faire des excuses sur le désagrément que vous avez éprouvé dans notre ville.* They withdrew and left us to admire their politeness and enjoy the security it gave us. Next morning we proceeded through a country bearing the same appearance as that we passed the preceding day to Auxonne, where we dined.

In this town we excited much curiosity. The inhabitants gathered about our carriage, which stood in the street, to examine it minutely; on seeing which, Mr. D—— mixed immediately in the crowd to converse with the people. Some one said, the carriage is either of Paris, or London make; it was made in London, said Mr. D. we are English, passing through France by special permission. I am going immediately to Paris, where I shall wait on Monsieur de la Croix.

All this was literally true, and by no means intended to deceive, yet it put a false idea into the people's heads, which was perhaps advantageous to us. They fancied Mr. D—— employed to open some negotiation between France
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and England. This I discovered by the conversation of some persons under the inn window, which finding it concerned us, I thought myself, circumstanced as we were, authorised to listen to. ‘ They are English (said one of them,) How do you know ?’ The gentlemen told me so himself. There is certainly some negociation on foot for peace; this Englishman is going to Paris to the citizen la Croix. It must be on some such business. For who would travel through our country who could help it? Every body supposes we are cutting each others throats, and murdering every one else. After dinner we proceeded to Dijon. Our inn was dark and uncomfortable; the people belonging to it looked discontented; it had the appearance of having been in a more flourishing state, but the inn and a certain something in the inhabitants of this great town, seemed to indicate that Burgundy was not near in so comfortable a state as Franche Comtè, through which we had hitherto travelled. Our plan was to have left Dijon early in the morning, but we soon found that was impracticable, as we were under a necessity of identifying our passports, at the municipality next morning, which we could not do till ten o’clock; we therefore settled to take an early dinner, and

continue our journey in the afternoon. Dijon is a handsome town, its streets good, and full of large shops; but the whole had an air of silence and melancholy dejection; the countenances of the people seemed oppressed with dismal retrospect on the past, or gloomy suspicion of the future. We proceeded to the municipality, where, as at the barrier, the examination of all our passports detained us a good while; which on the whole was no disadvantage, as it gave us an opportunity of observing the various persons who came to and fro, whilst we were there, to seek passports. We were shown into a large room surrounded with shelves filled with band boxes, on which were marked the different subjects of the papers therein contained. At each end of the room was a bureau, at which sat one man, who gave out and examined passports. When we entered there was no one in the room but ourselves, except these two men, and an old man who was waiting at one end of the room. After our passports and ourselves were examined, we were detained some time whilst they were carried to another room for further inspection. In the mean while various persons came for passports, to different parts of France.

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All looked dismal ; one elderly woman in particular, with whom I ventured to enter into a little conversation, attracted my attention by a look of poverty in her dress and meagre form, which seemed however to disguise a person who had seen better days. She talked to me with some remains of French sprightliness, and received very good humouredly several jokes, relative to the description of her person, from the man who was taking it. As we talked, I mentioned the terrible road over Jura to Poligny, and that I had been obliged to perform it on foot ; ‘ that is very trying and hard, said she, to people of weak health and unaccustomed to go on foot.’ From this time she became thoughtful, and I saw her clasp her hands together whilst the tears rolled down her cheeks in a distress, which she would have gladly concealed. An idea that she might be the mother of a young man, for whom Mr. D— and I are much interested, and who we knew to be in a similar situation, and probably at that time on the move, affected me extremely. I would have given much to have questioned her, but dared not ; the particular idea however which affected me was cleared away, by her saying she was going to see a daughter in Franche Comté ; a
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circumstance which could not belong to the person I supposed she might be. Her business dispatched, she took leave of us with much civility, but the same air of distress above mentioned, which she had vainly tried to conquer.

Our two officers of the municipality, now began to amuse themselves with the figure of the next object they had to describe (an exact description of every one's person being absolutely essential in a French passport.) He is quite a beauty, says one; Oh! a perfect Cupid, added the other. In the mean time the person in question entered the room. It was the same old man who was waiting when we arrived, and whose business had been postponed for ours. The conversation previous to his appearance, led me to examine him particularly, which I did without being able to find out the least grounds for any thing, but an involuntary kind of respect; which sentiment soon operated on the people who were before disposed to laugh at him, and silenced all such inclinations. He was old and grey headed, his countenance grave, his walk firm, as was his voice and mode of answering all questions put to him. His cloaths bore every mark of poverty, except rags; he had a coarse travelling sack thrown over one shoulder, and a strong stick

stick in his hand. Having declared his name, and where he was going, he was asked what was his ordinary occupation? ' Begging, said he, I lived comfortably on an employ I had under the ancient government, but since the revolution I have lost all, and I beg,' What are you going to— for? ' To conduct two young men belonging to respectable people of the town, who have never been from home. Their parents know me, and trust them to my care with confidence.' I wish, said I, you had a better maintenance than begging. ' I do pretty well, answered he, I find many kind souls who assist me, and I live by the charity of good people.'

Mr. D—, who had been talking with the officer at the other end of the room, turned to us as these last words were spoken. Well, said he, that I may be enrolled amongst good people, pray take this—giving him money. The old man started and thanked him by a low and expressive bow.

The recital of his situation and misfortunes, he had given in a firm tone of voice, and with an unchanged countenance; but an unexpected and unsolicited act of kindness he could not bear unmoved. Tears stole, in spite of manly efforts to conceal them, down his venerable cheeks,

cheeks, and turning from Mr. D—— he whispered me in a low and broken voice, ‘ May God long preserve him! for I see whenever he dies, the unfortunate will loose a friend.’

I could not help saying, I hoped in time his situation might mend, as France became more tranquil. ‘ Hope, said he, is the only thing left us : my chief consolation is religion, and resignation to the will of God, that can soften every thing.’ His countenance as he said this, resumed its firm serenity, and he continued to converse with me, telling me, amongst other things, he had a daughter in England. How gladly would I have asked her name, address, and conveyed intelligence to her concerning her respectable parent; but, alas! circumstances laid an imperious embargo on all such indulgence. Our business was finished, and I was forced to leave this venerable old man with a mind highly impressed with esteem, for his interesting fortitude, and the christian religion on which it was founded.

During our stay at the municipality we heard a prodigious bawling in the hall, and a person said something in a low voice, to the man near whom I sat, who answered ‘ Yes, yes, it is the poissarde.’ As we quitted the house we found
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this same poissarde making the most horrible uproar in the street. Mr. D—— has given so true a description of this odious creature, that I shall only say she served, by forming the most striking contrast with my old friend, to illustrate the immense difference between virtue and vice. It was, tho' a detestable sight, some gratification to my curiosity, to see one of the horrid race of women, who figured so shockingly in all the bloody scenes transacted at Paris. She complained most outrageously of being treated roughly at Dijon, repeating *quoi a Dijon, a Dijon, a la municipalite de Dijon!* what I have since learnt of Dijon, leads me to suppose she had been concerned in scenes of blood and horror in that very town, where she now met the treatment she deserved; having been put in prison and afterwards ordered to depart.

We left Dijon immediately after dinner, and on conversing with Mr. D—— in the chaise, I found from his observation and various hints he had picked up from talking a little with persons he had encountered about the town, that the revolution had been much more severely felt here than in any part we had yet traversed. We slept at Pont de Panys; the next night carried us

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to Maison Neuve, a comfortable inn, the people civil to us, but gloomy in themselves and apparently discontented.

The further we advanced in Burgundy, the more we became spectators of the horrid devastations of the revolution. The roads became bad, particularly at a village called Rouvray, in our way from Maison Neuve, they were too bad to admit our passing them safely in the carriages; we therefore went on foot, wishing more than hoping that our chaise and coach would not be broke to pieces. They got over however without accident; we remounted, and dined at Cussy les Forges, the most cut-throat looking village that can be conceived; the looks of the people of the house, giving one an idea, that extreme poverty and wretchedness might lead them easily to robbery and murder, to relieve it. It need not be said we got from here the moment we could; and we arrived to sleep at a remarkable neat inn, at Lucy le Bois. The mistress of the house told us, she had shut up her house three years, and withdrawn herself from thence, and that she had just ventured to open it again; she wished much for peace, which is in truth the universal desire every where. This village, or
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little town, was neat, the cottages comfortable, the children clean, and the people civil and good humoured. This was not the general case in Burgundy; no one molested us, but in general the people looked sulky, the cottages wretched, and tho' they let us pass quietly, they sometimes called us aristocrates, saying we should find how we should be looked on at Paris. In Franche Comte, the carters made way civilly for the carriages, in Burgundy never. It is a small circumstance, but serves to shew the different temper of the two provinces. Nothing could be more melancholy than travelling through Burgundy, over magnificent roads bordered with fine avenues of trees, formerly well paved; the pavement now quite in ruins, with the grass growing between the broken fragments; no way left for a carriage to pass, but by a narrow bit of the side road, whilst every few miles brought to view fine chateaux, all in the most deplorable state; the windows and doors torn out; the roofs destroyed, whilst the well conditioned appearance of what still stood, brought to mind, (could one for one moment have forgot it,) that it was the hand of outrage and violence, not time, which had produced the

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ruins.

ruins. Every enclosure of grounds or gardens, was laid open by breaches made for that purpose in the surrounding walls, the fragments of which remained scattered on the spot; every church was reduced to the same state as the chateaux; crosses lay broken and shivered to bits, in the spots where devotion had formerly placed them; and every face seemed to have done or suffered something terrible; and to look forward with a dark eye of suspicion, to what might next happen. The scene was shocking, and however wrong the leaders of the emigration may have been, in quitting their country, the sight of their ruined habitations could not but affect deeply, any persons so well aware as we are of the miseries, their innocent and often highly meritorious families suffer in foreign lands. In the midst of these reflections, we arrived at Auxerre, beautifully situated on the banks of the Yonne. Our inn was on the river side, with only the road between them; the opposite bank was ornamented by a little grove of Lombardy poplars; and a handsome bridge, over which we had passed, contributed to embellish the scene. Our pleasureable idea however received a most uncomfortable check on entering the inn, the master of which received us with
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haggard looks of meagre starving poverty, through which, a well bred polite manner showed he had seen better days. He conducted us to apartments delightfully situated, looking over the pretty scene I have mentioned, and which had formerly been truly elegant; but the damask hung in tatters about the beds and wainscots, the tables and chairs were tottering and worm-eaten; and so great was our wretched host's poverty, that he was obliged to borrow from his neighbours, plates to hold the bread and butter we eat with our tea. We were glad to exchange the melancholy interior of the house, for a walk on the banks of the river, and Mr. D—— being curious to look at the cathedral, we went into the town.

We saw here, as in the street facing the river, many handsome houses, but not one had any inhabitant, to whom one could suppose such mansions justly belonged; Mr. D——'s idea that the lowest servants had murdered their masters, and taken possession of their houses, seems to me the most descriptive of the appearance of Auxerre.

After viewing the formerly handsome cathedral, now defaced and going fast to ruin, Mr. D—— pursued his walk over the town with
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Mr. Geffner, and Madame de Biolay and I returned to the river side. On comparing notes we found the place and countenances of its inhabitants, had produced the same effect on the two parties; the gentlemen having traversed the streets in silence, not venturing to express their sentiments to one another; and we having performed our walk in the same manner, for the same reason. We were well pleased to quit Auxerre next morning, and still more to exchange the gloomy province of Burgundy for Champagne, where the effects of the revolution had not left near so strongly, the miserable traces of desolation, which so peculiarly marked every thing in Burgundy. As I have nothing to say of the journey through Champagne, except the names of the places, I shall pass them over in silence till our arrival at Montrou, two days previous to that in which we were to enter Paris. Tho' every where we had been civilly treated, I could not forget that our undertaking was perhaps hazardous; and tho' my mind was free from agitation, it became more and more serious, as we drew near a place which for the last years, one had heard of only with horror. It may easily be supposed this serious cast was not enlivened by one of our servants telling us, before

fore we went to bed, there had been disturbances at Paris. Luckily, he added, we should meet many troops next day on their march for Italy. This furnished my ever attentive husband with an argument to save me from terror, as he very justly argued, there could be no danger to the government at Paris, if they were then sending troops from the capital.

With this idea to compose me, I slept comfortably and next morning continued our journey, expecting every moment to meet the troops. No troops however came; I remarked it often to Mr. D——, who continually found some reason or other for our not seeing them; I began however to be seriously uneasy, till we stopt at Melun, where Mr. D—— told me with a cheerful, and perfectly satisfied look, that we had missed the troops only because they had taken another road. This satisfied me, and we proceeded after dinner to Villeneuve, where we slept, and from whence we sat out next morning for Paris; having previously dispatched our courier to secure us good accommodation. Mr. D—— and I conversed together on various matters, which hindered me from brooding over apprehensions, till we reached the barrier at the entrance into Paris. Here, almost beyond my
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hopes, my assumed resolution continued to support me, nor did I feel any way alarmed, when our carriage stopped, and our passports were examined; in truth, if I had, our examination passed with so much civility on the part of the officers, and the people seemed so little disposed to consider us with more attention, than every traveller with two loaded carriages must naturally excite, that it would soon have given place to curiosity, and the desire of observing as minutely as might be, every object around me. Our courier met us at the barrier, announced having procured us apartments at the Hotel de Philadelphie, and desired us all to keep our passports ready, as we might probably be stopped every ten minutes. Whilst our passports were examined at the barrier, I perceived that every creature whether on foot, or otherwise, who entered, was obliged to produce a passport. Parties of armed soldiers were traversing the streets in all directions, and every one seemed busy and bustling. The suburb by which we entered was long, narrow and dirty, inhabited by people whose countenances had a fearful expression, which led me to a suspicion, I for some time dared not ascertain by enquiry; till finding we passed quietly, I ventured to ask our courier the

the name of the place we were traversing. 'It is the Fauxbourg St. Antoine,' answered he, (the quarter which furnished most of the agents in all the horrors of the massacres at Paris; and which I had previous to our arrival, obtained a promise from Mr. D—— never to enter.) Here we were, however, and finding we were unmolested, fear gave way to curiosity, and made me more than ever attentive to the fierce and horrid countenances of the women, which were worthy the savage devourers of the hearts of the murdered; an act of horror they certainly performed more than once, during the massacres. The very sight of the children made one shudder, on recollecting what I have been assured is true, that the scattered limbs of those murdered by their parents, had served them to play with in the streets.

These horrible people, however, gave us no molestation, and I was rather glad that necessity led us through a quarter so famous, or rather infamous, which certainly I should never have seen by choice. In our way we passed a heap of stones, the only remains of the Bastille. In many parts of the streets was written in large capitals on the walls, *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort*. We saw several signs alluding to the state of

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the country, represented by a man on board a vessel just ready to sink, under which was written, *Esperance*.

The traversing the Fauxburg St. Antoine, took us up a good while, as it is very long, and we drove slowly to keep pace with the courier, who walked by the carriage, with our passports in his hand, to answer all enquiries. At last we exchanged the Fauxbourg for the Boulevards; a most comfortable alteration, which exhibited, both as to the ^{place} local and its inhabitants, a change of scene, for which one began rather to be impatient.

It was still a long way to our hotel, however as every thing we saw excited our observations, we did not regret the distance. The wall continued to hold forth *Liberté, Egalité, ou la Mort*, but *la mort* was frequently effaced. We saw one or two churches, on which and in some other places was written, ‘ *Le peuple françois reconnoit, l’être supreme, et l’immortalité de l’ame.*’ I was glad to read this; for I had suspected every creature in Paris, had been an atheist. An exhortation was written up in several other places, to respect the property of individuals, and to remember it was the fruit of their industry; as far as I can recollect, these
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were the words : *Citoyen respectez les biens et propriétés de ton semblable, songez que c'est le fruit de son industrie.*

At last we reached our hotel; our host was an Englishman, long an inhabitant of France, and who had been above a twelvemonth in prison, during the time of Robespierre. As we went up stairs, ' You are arrived at Paris in a busy time, Sir, said he.' Mr. D—— seemed not to hear, but it did not escape me; I soon enquired the meaning of his words, and learnt from him that a conspiracy at the camp of Grenelle, very near Paris, had been discovered the day before; that Paris was at that moment in all the bustle of domicilliary visits, but that there was then no danger of disturbance, as the conspiracy was entirely known, and put an end to. Notwithstanding the concluding words, this information much disturbed me; I earnestly requested Mr. D—— to let us leave Paris next day; to which he kindly answered, certainly, if there was the smallest idea of risk; but that he was well assured all danger was now over.

I then found that from Montrou to Villeneuve, he had travelled with a load of anxiety on his mind, which it required all the calm and spirited resolution, united to that tender affection

for me, so continually conspicuous in all his actions, to conceal.

He knew of this conspiracy, without knowing exactly what effect it had produced at Paris, or whether it was totally prevented; and had it not been so, we should have found the Directory (our protectors) and the greatest number of the Ancients and Five Hundred, murdered; the former scenes of horror revived, and Paris streaming with blood, to which, probably, our own would have been added. Yet what could be done; had we gone by another road, the Directory, supposing the conspiracy entirely discovered and subdued, would (as they knew we intended going to Paris) have supposed we had some hand in it, and finding it had failed, had gone seeking some other way out of the country. In this case, we should certainly have been arrested. Mr. D—— therefore could only choose between this danger, and that of the horrid scenes which might await us at Paris. He wisely chose the latter; but I must ever admire, whilst I ever remember with gratitude, the cheerful composure he assumed, and by which he concealed from me a situation, the terrors whereof would, I think, had I known it, totally have overpowered me. At Villeneuve he learnt for certain

certain that Paris had resumed its tranquility. He assured me repeatedly of this, when I had learnt more than he wished from the master of the hotel, desired me to compose myself, and dispatched a note to the minister La Croix, informing him of our arrival, and his wish to wait on him. A very polite answer was returned, but Mr. D——'s visit declined. This gave me a fresh alarm, and I begged we might leave Paris next day. To do so was, however, quite impossible. The section, before whom our passports were to be examined, was so much occupied they could not see us till eleven next day, and that was too late to leave Paris. I continued very uncomfortable, wishing to go, and regretting the seeming necessity of so doing. In the evening we had a visit from our banker, accompanied by Monsieur Levade, of Lausanne, who came to visit Madame de Biolay. They both, particularly Monsieur Levade, encouraged me to stay, assuring me that it was the safest moment possible for spending a few days in Paris. The government having received fresh force from having been able to suppress the conspiracy, and being more than ever watchful to secure the tranquility of Paris, and their own safety, after so recent an escape from destruction.

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All this seemed so reasonable, that fear gave way to curiosity, and I began to wish we might have leave for a few days residence. At eleven o'clock we were all ready to attend the section, but were prevented as we were leaving the hotel, and desired to go at one; at one we went, but after waiting sometime at the door, were told the crowd of people then at the section was so great, which indeed we saw, that we could not be received, and three o'clock was fixed on. Before three, however, we had another message, to say they could not receive us till next day, which was a fete; but that the officers of the section would come to us, as the office would not be open. With this we were forced to be content, tho' I confess I was anxious to have our passports examined, and a legal permission to be in Paris, for which Mr. D—— had applied to La Croix without having received any answer. Doubtful whether we might stay, and unwilling to leave any of the little time which might be allowed us unemployed, Mr. D—— prevailed on me to go to the Theatre. I had a short combat with apprehension, but on examining the state of my mind, I found my only way to remain in Paris with composure, was to occupy every moment in obtaining amusement
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or information ; for a vacant moment in Paris would inevitably have let in a train of reflections on my mind, which must have made a stay there insupportable. I consented then to go to the play and we proceeded to a very handsome Theatre in the rue Fedo, where we saw the Opera of *Telmachus*. At times the representation, which in point of scenery was very beautiful, amused me ; but the sensation excited by the consideration of being in a crowded Theatre in Paris, surrounded by people who had either been the victims, planners, or perhaps perpetrators of the horrors which had attended the revolution, and who (had the so lately discovered plot taken place) would probably two days before have been murdered, or committing murder, was of a kind not to be forgotten or diverted. Our own situation also could not but obtrude itself ; an English family in the midst of hundreds of French, our passports unexamined, and our permission to stay in Paris not yet granted.

I felt the full force of all this at the moment of quitting the Theatre approached. We got out however, and home, without any interruption ; and I went to bed with more of a wish to be permitted to stay in Paris, than a desire to leave it. The next morning we received
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another message from the section, saying, that tho' the office was not open, they would examine our passports, and that it would be better for us to go there. We went immediately, and our business was dispatched with the greatest readiness and civility. The unpleasant delays we had experienced were occasioned merely by the multiplicity of business arising from the increased caution, owing to the late conspiracy.

After our business was done at the section, tho' our permission to stay was not yet granted, I felt more at my ease, and willingly accompanied Mr. D—— to the Thuilleries. I was much struck with the magnificent appearance of the Louvre, which to my shame be it spoken, twenty years elapsed, since I was before in Paris, had obliterated from my remembrance. In truth this visit to Paris, and the one I formerly paid it, served by contrast to illustrate the great use as well as comfort, it is (at least to one of my disposition) to be connected with a person of sense, taste, and observation; who has affection enough for his wife to make her his chosen companion, from which she naturally acquires an attention to every thing that may make her more deserving the distinction. What I saw when I was at Paris before, passed away like a dream ;
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of what I have seen in my late travels, I endeavour at least to retain some remembrance, to furnish pleasant subjects of retrospect and conversation, with my beloved husband, by our own fire-side. The gardens of the Thuilleries are highly ornamented by the quantities of uncommon fine orange trees which are placed in them, forming beautiful avenues greatly to their embellishment. This assemblage of orange trees consists of those amassed by the various pillages committed in the gardens of royal palaces and chateaux belonging to emigrants. On the top of the Louvre is the telegraph. Tho' its use and speedy mode of conveying intelligence, is, I find, well known in this country, I cannot help mentioning, that the news of Buonaparte's victory in Italy was conveyed to Strasburg, and, bravo, returned from thence, in seven minutes ! We walked up as far as the place de Louis XV, (now place de la Revolution,) the scene of so much bloodshed, and where during the tyranny of Robespierre, forty or fifty people a day, for a considerable time, were destroyed by the guillotine. Whole families, fathers, mothers, and children, fell under the iron tyranny of this monster; the shadow of a fault was not necessary to condemn them, as may be supposed, when an order being sent for the execution

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of the Dutchess de Biron, it was observed, there were two ladies of the same name in prison, and enquiry made which was to be executed ? ‘ Execute them both,’ was the answer, ‘ and there can be no mistake.’ Old men oppressed by the infirmities of age, who from deafness were incapable of understanding their accusation, had they been even permitted to defend themselves, which was never the case before Robespierre’s horrid tribunal, were brought thither, and hurried to the guillotine almost without suspecting it. All now was calm and quiet in the fine place de la Revolution; but in imagination, had I indulged it, I could almost have seen the unfortunate Louis and his unhappy Queen, falling victims to the guillotine, which finished the royal carnage by freeing the exemplary Elizabeth from a life of sorrow, and transmitting her exalted soul, to the reward which must await virtue and piety like hers. The meditations occasioned by seeing the place de la Revolution, were not such as one wished to indulge; we willingly got into the carriage which waited for us, and returned home, just time enough to receive a visit from Monsieur Garnier, a French gentleman, known to Madame de Biolay in Switzerland; where his opinions being in favour of the unfortunate

Louis

Louis had forced him to take shelter during the time of Robespierre. How he contrives to live unmolested at Paris now, I know not; we, however, have reason to rejoice at it, as his kind attentions were of infinite use to us. We hoped to have found an answer from La Croix permitting our stay, but none was yet arrived. The next morning we had another visit from Monsieur Levade, who proposed to go with us to the Palais Royal, now Palais Egalité, the former residence of the detestable Egalité, *ci devant* Orleans. The gardens of this Palace were some years ago converted by him into streets of shops, coffee-houses, theatres, &c. The shops are full of rich and elegant goods of all sorts; at night they have a beautiful appearance, the whole being well illuminated and frequented as a public walk. It brought to my mind the fair on the place de St. Marc at Venice, at the time of the ascension; especially as it is the custom in both places, for ladies to go to the coffee-houses, for the purpose of taking ice. The morning we were there with Mr. Levade, he proposed to us to go to the —, a place there called the Lyceum. This Lyceum is a small Theatre, to which you get by descending a considerable flight of steps, it being under

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ground. We found it however well lighted by a handsome sky-light; it was divided into pit, boxes and gallery. At the upper end of the room was a statue of the French republic, wearing the civic crown of laurel. Over her head hung the French colours, and over them was the following inscription in letters of gold ; *Vertu, Justice, Humanité, sans elles point de Liberté.* The room was quite full of people of both sexes, and all ages. This meeting is supported by subscription, and seems to have been planned by well disposed persons, to humanize and compose the sanguinary and agitated minds of the French, by encouraging arts, sciences, polite literature, and morality.

The business of the meeting was begun ; as we came in rather late, we heard only the concluding part of an essay on beauty, which was reading, but did not appear to contain any thing new. After this an elderly man read a short piece in verse, recommending decency of manners and early sobriety to youth, (under an allegory of fruit) and inculcating the necessity of preserving the buds from injury, and patiently waiting its ripening. After this a pretty elegant young woman read an imitation of one of Gessner's Idyles, written by herself, with much applause.

plause. It was then announced that a certain schoolmaster and his scholars, deserved particular praise. The master for his judicious instructions to his scholars, and these for their attention and good behaviour. The names of the scholars who were present were mentioned, and a short discourse addressed to them, congratulating them on their first step towards fame, acquired by good conduct; and hoping that it would only prove an introduction to still greater degrees of merit.

The master was next addressed, and received thanks for his care of these children of the republic; commendation for only retrenching what might properly be retrenched in ancient systems, without running too much after novelties; and an exhortation to persevere in giving his assistance towards inculcating into the rising generation, decency, good morals, and all the qualities so necessary to rescue the nation from the miseries in which it had for some time been immersed. A catechism in verse for youth, to be used in the primary schools was next mentioned with high applause, some extracts read from it, and the author enquired for, to be crowned in recompense of his work. He could

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no where be found, and by his absence claimed additional praise for modesty, which was liberally bestowed. Several instruments, mechanical, &c., were exhibited, and some musical compositions performed by the composers. From hence we returned home, our kind conductor, Monsieur Levade, promising to call on us again in the afternoon, to accompany us on some further peregrination. Our conductor being arrived, we visited the Luxembourg, now the residence of the Directory ; walked a little while in the gardens, and went from thence to the Boulevards; not crowded now as formerly with elegant carriages, but very full of people sitting and walking out to enjoy the air. The next morning we visited a most elegant house formerly inhabited by a celebrated dancer; of which Mr. D—— has given a description so just, that nothing can be added concerning it. In the evening we went to the opera of Dido. Dull, as I think all serious operas, and not the better for being French singing.

The Playhouse was always the place where my own situation, and that of the people amongst whom I was, struck me most forcibly. Whatever amusement the Theatre may afford, there
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are moments unoccupied in which my mind has ever been accustomed to reflect (as it always does in a crowd) on myself and the persons surrounding me. No wonder then that this habit returned with more than usual force in the Parisian Theatres at such a moment. It did so every time I went to them, and sometimes an irresistible horror of the people and our situation so strongly took possession of me, that I resolved on leaving the Theatre, to press Mr. Douglas to quit Paris the next day. This however was only a momentary impression; my desire to indulge my own curiosity, and not to impede the gratification of his, got the better of my theatrical meditations, and I never mentioned them, even to him. My mind during the whole of our stay was never agitated by terror, but I never had time to reflect, that I did not feel as if at the foot of Vesuvius, after some dreadful irruption of which the groaning and smoking of the mountain seemed to threaten a repetition; nor ever went to bed, that I did not feel a few minutes serious apprehension of what might happen before morning. In these sentiments I was not singular, our friend Mr. Levade conversing one day with me, expressed his idea of the situation of Paris, by the very same simile.

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of the volcano. To return to the opera of Dido, we rejoiced when it was over. The next morning, the fourth of our residence in Paris, no answer being yet arrived from la Croix concerning our stay, Mr. D—— went himself to endeavour to obtain one. He did not see the minister, but received a very polite permission to remain eight days longer in Paris, of which his journal contains the particulars. Our stay being now ascertained, we had only to make the best use of it, by seeing as much as possible. We went to the Assembly of Ancients, and that of the Five Hundred; saw the Pantheon, the gallery of the Louvre, the cabinet of natural history, St. Cloud, &c.

As Mr. D—— has given a particular account of all these places, I shall not enter into any detail concerning them, every one must experience the same sensations he describes, on seeing the plunder by which this gallery will in time be made one of the finest exhibitions in the world; and we, who from our residence in various places on the continent, during the last four years and a half of the revolution, have seen so much of the miseries endured by the emigrants, amongst whom the merits of some individual^s attracted our intimacy and friendship, felt particularly
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the painful sensation of seeing their spoils amongst the variety of curiosities destined to embellish this noble gallery. Indeed the idea of my emigrant friends, particularly La Marquise de Louvois and La Marquise de Bombelles, with whom I had spent two winters in strict intimacy, often pressed painfully on my mind : I had taken a deep and tender interest in their concerns, was in regular correspondence with them ; but at Paris, in their own country, and in the midst of their family, I hardly dared to think of them, lest their names should escape me, and knowing them be imputed to me as a crime. In going to the Louvre, we passed by that part of the Thuilleries which the unhappy Louis inhabited, when the Swiss guards were massacred, and himself and family forced to seek shelter from the National Assembly, who gave it him in the *Temple*. Amongst other things, we went to the Palace, to have a view of the place where Robespierre held his horrid tribunal, to the place where the wretched Queen, worn out with grief, misery, and indignities of every kind, was dragged to hear accusations shocking to human nature, and from whence the heroic Elizabeth was hurried to the guillotine, on declaring herself, being asked the usual

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questions, who she was? 'Sister to Louis the XVI. and aunt to Louis the XVII.'

The evening of the day after, we went in company with Mr. Levade to see a very curious play, called *les Aristides Modernes*; exhibiting, we were assured, the modes and manners of the revolutionary tribunals, during the time of Robespierre.

Mr. D—— has very justly described the actors and audience; but words are wanting to describe the strange and mixed sensations excited in the mind, on seeing a set of people amusing themselves with horrors, which many of them had probably suffered from, or perhaps shared in performing, and that, not after a long calm and settled government had freed them from all apprehension of seeing these scenes renewed, but whilst each day was as likely as not to plunge them in the same calamities.

Every thing, however, which tended to place the reign of terror in the light it deserved, was received with extravagant applause; yet I could not get rid of an idea which struck me, that had the conspiracy of Grénelle succeeded, many a hand which was then employed in clappings would perhaps have been grasping the dagger of assassination, and stained with blood. My
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mind was absorbed in horror, and when I got into the carriage, it required some exertion to rouse myself from the gloomy impression under which all my thoughts were struggling. Mr. Levade proposed to finish the evening by going to the Hotel de Richelieu, (now become a coffee-house) to eat ice. Directions were accordingly given to the coachman, who did not immediately understand the order, supposing the Hotel empty. Arrived at the Porte Cochere, our coachman stopt, and it was with difficulty Mons. Levade persuaded the Laquais de Place to open it, and the coachman to drive in, neither of them conceiving that this celebrated and elegant Hotel was become a Coffee-house. At last we entered the court, formerly crowded with the carriages of the first and most polished society of the age, now dreary and deserted; the doors of the Porte Cochere nearly creaking on their hinges, from disuse. We descended, and mounted the fine stair-case, lighted by one glimmering ill-trimmed lamp, past through two rooms in the same dreary state, then entered the Dutchess's bed-chamber, in which the bar of the coffee-house had taken the place of the state bed; from thence we proceeded to the drawing-rooms which was well lighted, and appeared in all its

natural elegance of hangings, mirrors and furniture. Here our ice was brought us, and we all seated ourselves at a small round table, each indulging their own reflections, for the scene inclined us all to melancholy musing. There was no creature in the house but ourselves, and the people at the bar. We took our ice in silence ; that done, each professed a similar sensation, that of having improperly intruded into a noble house, and feeling an expectation that the owners would arrive and with great propriety turn us out of it. Such at least were the ideas of all except Mr, D——, who was more painfully employed in vain wishes for the presence of the lawful inhabitant, the Duc de Richelieu, a very amiable young man, known to him at Spa and Vienna; whom, whilst *traiteurs* have taken possession of his mansion, and the Republic of his fortune, is a comfortless wanderer in foreign lands, much to the regret of all who know him. Our meditations were at length interrupted by the entrance of two or three shabby looking men, who came to the coffee-house, they disturbed our reveries, and we immediately returned again through the empty rooms, and dreary stair-case to our carriage. I own I was glad to get home to rest my body, which had been fatigued by the sensations of my mind.

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As I do not intend to encrease the bulk of this journal by details already better given by Mr. D—, I shall only add, we made all possible use of our time till it expired, and the day for our departure arrived. We took leave with affectionate regret of our friend Mr. Levade, whose merits and unwearied kindness and attentions to us, gave him a right to that title in a few days which in general time alone can, or bught to obtain. He promised to write to us from Switzerland, (from France it was impossible) and at some future day we hope to see him in the lovely Pais de Vaud.

In four days we arrived at Boulogne, and embarked next day for Dover, where we landed, after a good passage of five hours.

Thus happily terminated a residence of four years and a half on the Continent, undertaken by my dear Mr. Douglas for my advantage, for the improvement of my health, and the awakening my faculties from the benumbing power of habit, arising from the too great attention naturally paid by delicate health, and weak spirits, to little comforts, and conveniences; which when too strictly attended to, certainly contract all the powers of mind and body. Nothing, I believe, can so effectually counteract this, as travel-

travelling, and residing in different countries. If the traveller has the least spark of curiosity, or love of the beautiful and sublime in nature, it must be excited on the Continent, and can only be gratified by the sacrifice of what are called many comforts and by incurring many inconveniences, to which no inducement at home could be found sufficient for the indolence of delicate health to submit to.

With these views my beloved husband took me abroad, and I have to thank him every hour of my life for the experiment, which has succeeded beyond what I could have believed, and I hope to the extent of his expectations. But whilst I feel my heart glow with grateful affection to him for his tender and spirited exertions to promote my felicity, I cannot omit a tribute to the Supreme Giver of all good, who united us, and whose providence has protected and carried us through many difficult and dangerous situations, and permitted our safe arrival in our native land, free from the terrors of war and tumult. I can not be insensible to this blessing, any more than to many previous ones which have by various steps led me to as pure a state of happiness as this world can bestow.

My

My residence abroad, though it has in some degree attached me to the Continent, not only for the beautiful and interesting objects it exhibits, but by the ties of gratitude, friendship, and esteem; has taught me also the intrinsic value of England, as to the superior felicity of its government, and the solid worth of its inhabitants, in which [though I am intimately connected with some characters abroad who can not be out-done by the virtues even of my country people] I believe speaking generally, ^{it} to be far superior to every other nation in the world.

With these sentiments I can never be supposed to be an unworthy Englishwoman, though I confess private friendship and perhaps enthusiastic attachment to the beautiful and sublime of nature would make me experience a sensible regret did I believe myself for ever shut out from the Continent. The first truly gratifying emotion I experienced in England, was the sight of the H— family. My long affection for them made our meeting interesting to my heart, and the promising children with which I found them surrounded, was highly gratifying to me on more accounts than one; for unbounded as is my attachment, gratitude and love for my dear Mr. Douglas, it will never exclude from my grateful

ful remembrance, the connection which first taught me, that a woman's surest happiness is to be found in a marriage with a worthy man who studies to promote it.



July 22

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or initials.

Paris

Morisy

Poligny

Sole

Autonne on the edge of the forest

Sijon - Burgundy

Mont de Paris

Mars - Maudes

Neuvray

Vermanton

Paris

Isigny - Cham

Isigny

Isigny

Isigny

Villeneuve

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

Paris

